

P O E M S,

CHIEFLY

R U R A L.

Vet AS 2.2350

P O E M S,

CHIEFLY

R U R A L.

ET PARVAE NONNULLA EST GRATIA MUSAE.

MARTIAL,

BY MR. RICHARDSON,

PROFESSOR of HUMANITY in the University
of GLASGOW.

The THIRD EDITION, corrected.

L O N D O N :

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M.DCC.LXXV.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES SHAW, LORD CATHCART, X

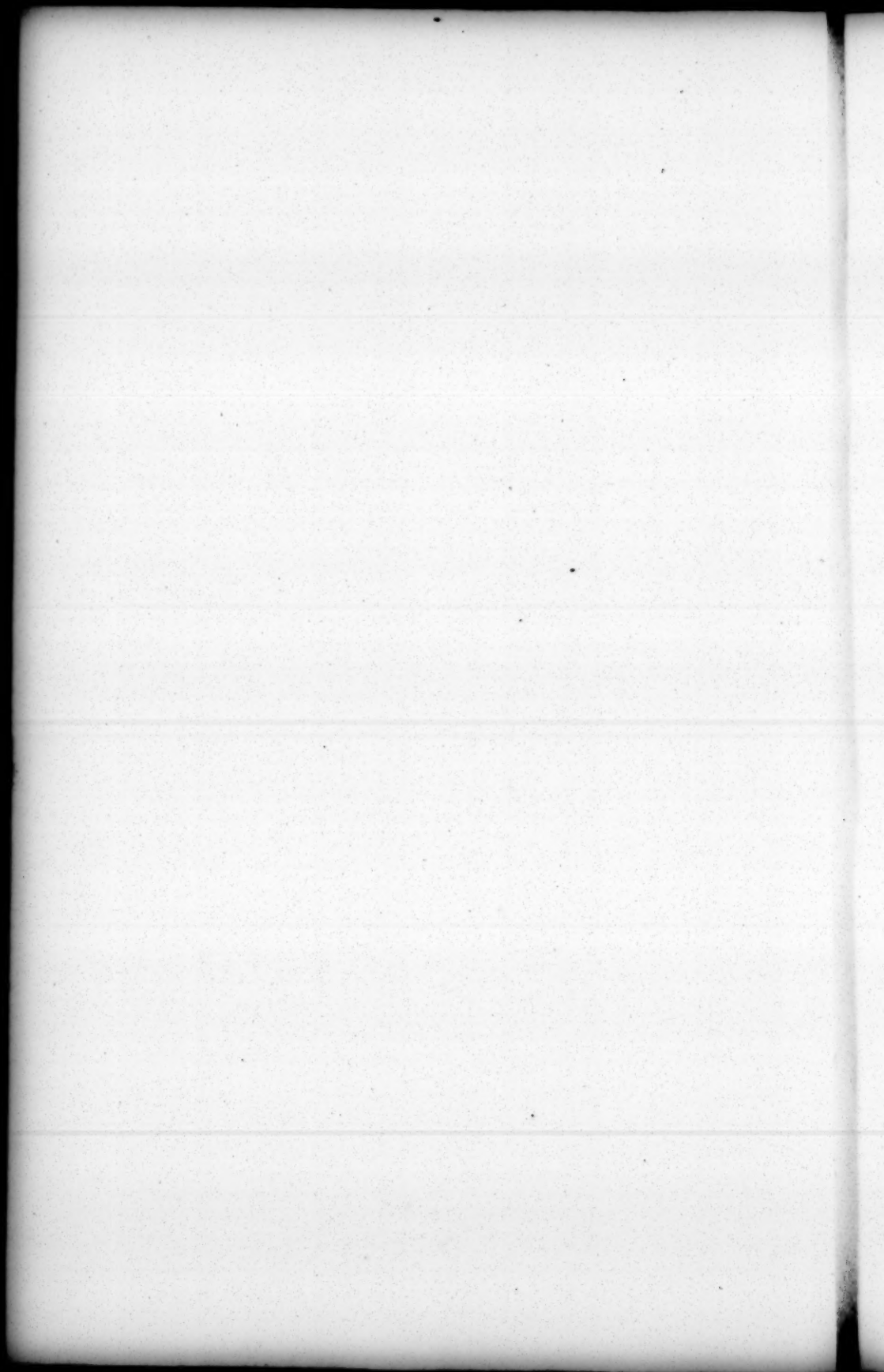
ONE OF THE SIXTEEN PEERS
OF SCOTLAND,
PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF POLICE
IN THAT PART OF THE
UNITED KINGDOM,
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL OF
HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES,
KNIGHT OF THE MOST ANTIENT AND
MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE THISTLE,
ONE OF THE LORDS OF THE
MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL,
LATELY HIS MAJESTY'S AMBASSADOR,
EXTRAORDINARY AND
PLENIPOTENTIARY,
TO THE EMPRESS OF ALL THE RUSSIAS,
COMMISSIONER TO THE
GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,
AND RECTOR OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW,

THE FOLLOWING
P O E M S
ARE MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED,
IN TESTIMONY OF THE
RESPECT AND GRATITUDE
OF HIS LORDSHIP'S MOST OBEDIENT,
AND OBLIGED SERVANT,
WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

GLASGOW COLLEGE,
January 12th, 1774.

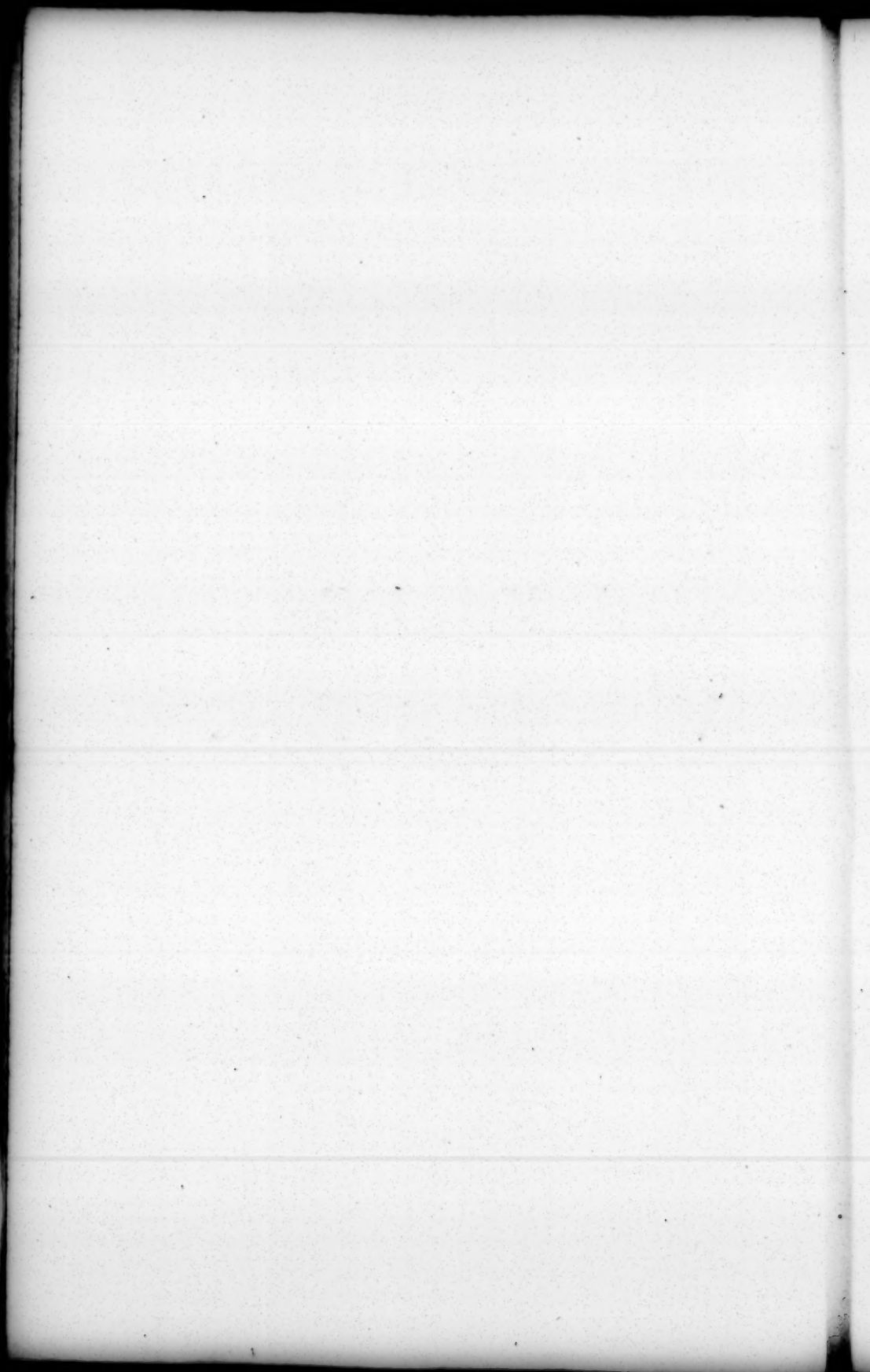
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LYRIC
VERSES.

A



LYRIC VERSES.

H Y M N

T O

V I R T U E.

EVER lovely and benign,
Endowed with energy divine,
Hail Virtue! hail! from thee proceed
The great design, the heroic deed,
The heart that melts for human woes,
Valour, and truth, and calm repose.
Though fortune frown, though fate prepare
Her shafts, and wake corroding care,

A 2

Though

4 LYRIC VERSES.

Though wrathful clouds involve the skies,
Though lightnings glare, and storms arise,
In vain to shake the guiltless soul,
Changed fortune frowns, and thunders roll.
Pile, Avarice, thy yellow hoard ;
Spread, Luxury, thy costly board ;
Ambition, crown thy head with bays ;
Let Sloth recline on beds of ease ;
Admired, adored, let Beauty roll
The magic eye that melts the soul ;
Unless with purifying fires
Virtue the conscious soul inspires,
In vain, to bar intruding woe,
Wealth, fame, and power, and pleasure flow :
To me thy sovereign gift impart,
The resolute unshaken heart
To guide me from the flowery way
Where Pleasure tunes her firen-lay :

Deceitful

LYRIC VERSES. 5

Deceitful path! where Shame and Care,
 Concealed the poisonous shaft prepare!
 And shield me with thy generous pride
 When Fashion scoffs, and fools deride.
 Ne'er let Ambition's meteor-ray
 Mislead my reason, and betray
 My fancy with the gilded dream
 Of hoarded wealth, and noisy fame.
 But let my soul consenting flow
 Compassionate of others woe:
 Teach me the kind endearing art
 To heal the mourner's broken heart,
 To ease the rankling wounds of Care,
 And sooth the frenzy of Despair.
 So, lovely virgin, may I gain
 Admission to thy hallowed fane,
 Where Peace of Mind, of eye serene,
 Of heavenly hue, and placid mien,

6 LYRIC VERSES.

Leads, smiling, thy celestial choir,

And smites the consecrated lyre.

O may that minstrelsy, whose charm

Can Rage, and Grief, and Care disarm,

Can passion's lawless force controul,

Soothe, melt, and elevate my soul!

THE

LYRIC VERSES. 7

THE WAIL OF ELVINA.

A N O D E.

WHAT time the soft-eyed star of eve
Gleamed on the gently-trembling wave,
From BARA's isle the sighing gale
Wafted ELVINA's rueful wail.
Forlorn her lovely locks she tore,
And poured her sorrows on the desert shore.

"Ye rocks," she cried, "ye shelving caves
Whose sides the briny billow laves,
"Ye cliffs far-frowning o'er the deep,
"Ye lonesome isles, to you I weep,
"Far distant from my father's halls,
"The towers of MORAN, and my native walls.

8 LYRIC VERSES.

- " O MORAN, are thy warriors fled ;
" Dismal and dark their narrow bed !
" Silent they sleep ! the north-wind cold
" Blows dreary o'er their crumbling mould.
" Silent they sleep ! no dawning day
" Visits the grave, or wakes their shrouded clay.
- " At dead of night a cry was heard——
" O why was MORAN unprepar'd ?
" No watchman on the castle-wall !
" No wakeful warrior in the hall !
" At dead of night the crafty foe
" Rushed from the main and struck the vengeful
 blow.
- " To arms, cried MORAN ! but in vain !—
" I saw my warlike brothers slain !
" I saw my father's bosom gor'd !
" By Cadwal's numerous host o'erpower'd

LYRIC VERSES. 9

“ He fell ! and from the gushing wound,
“ Reeking and red his life-blood streamed around.

“ Mingling with smoke I saw the fire
“ Along the rending walls aspire !
“ Now rage impetuous in the hall !
“ (I heard the crashing rafters fall !)
“ Now o’er the roof and turrets high
“ It blazes fierce and furious to the sky.

“ O spare a helpless maiden, spare !
“ The orphan’s piteous pleading hear !—
“ They bore me thence. My streaming eyes
“ Beheld these awful cliffs arise.
“ Foul ravisher !—Ye rocks, ye waves,
“ O save me, hide me in your lonely caves !

“ Foul ravisher !—yet pale Dismay
“ And Vengeance mark thee for their prey :

Unnerved,

10 L Y R I C V E R S E S.

“ Unnerved, appalled by conscious fear,
“ Remorse shall drive thee to despair :
“ My spirit, wailing in the blast,
“ Shall shake the counsels of thy guilty breast.”

'Twas thus she wailed, till by degrees
The voice came broken in the breeze ;
The seaman, piteous of her woe,
Turned to the shore his friendly prow,
But long, alas ! ere dawn of day,
The voice grew weak, and feebly dy'd away.

T H E

THE ROSE.

AN IDYLLION.

SAID INO, "I prefer the Rose
 " To every vernal flower that blows ;
 " For when the smiling seasons fly,
 " And winds and rain deform the sky,
 " And Roses lose their vivid bloom,
 " Their leaves retain a sweet perfume.
 " Emblem of Virtue ! Virtue stays
 " When Beauty's transient hue decays :
 " Nor Age, nor Fortune's frowns efface
 " Or injure her inherent grace."
 " True," answered DAPHNIS ; " but observe,
 " Unless some careful hand preserve
 " The leaves, before their tints decay,
 " They fall neglected : blown away

" By

12 LYRIC VERSES.

" By wintry winds and beating rains,
" No vestige of perfume remains.
" Some kindly hand must interpose,
" For fore the wintry tempest blows,
" And weak and delicate the Rose."

DAPHNIS AND INO.

AN IDYLLION.

AS DAPHNIS, amorous shepherd, sung
 Ino the beautiful and young,
" Cease," said the nymph, " let Virtue's praise
" Adorn and elevate thy lays:
" The tuneful Muses were design'd
" To raise and purify the mind.

" Paint

"Paint the fair feelings of the heart,

"Candor that scorns ignoble art,

"Simplicity devoid of guile,

"Pity's soft eye, and Mercy's smile :

"Nor let the rhyme for ever run

"Sacred to Venus and her son."

The obedient shepherd told how fair

The native charms of Virtue were,

And how her heavenly smiles impart

Ecstatic rapture to the heart.

"Mild," he sung, "as orient day,

"And beauteous as the bloom of May,

"She moves with grace, and speaks with ease ;

"For Nature formed the fair to please :

"Loose flow her tresses to the gale,

"The loveliest virgin of the vale."

The gamesome shepherds laughed, and said,

"Yes, Virtue is a lovely maid,

"And,

14 LYRIC VERSES.

“ And, strange to tell, we oft have seen
“ The goddess dancing on the green!
“ DAPHNIS even now perceives the fair!
“ Why else his warm impassioned air?
“ Why else the flames that fire his eye?
“ Lost voice? and pulses beating high?”
INO blushed lovelier than the rose
That with the dewy morning blows,
And conscious would have frowned : in vain!
A smile surprized her! and again
She blushed, and would have frowned; but still
The sportive traitors of her will,
Unbidden smiles, the nymph betray’d,
And with her frowns and blushes play’d.
“ Mistaken boy!” she cried, “ away!
“ Nor venture on the moral lay :
“ Fit minstrel of the Idalian grove,
“ Go, sing of Venus and of love.”

The

The disconcerted shepherd sigh'd:

And to the blushing maid replied,

" 'Tis said or sung, would Virtue deign

" In mortal guise to visit men,

" Glowing with elegant desire

" All that beheld her would admire.

" With this opinion I agree,

" For, INO, she would smile like thee!

" Like thee would sweetly muse; thy bloom,

" Thy form and features would assume;

" Would mildly censure if my lay

" In beauty's praise should go astray.

" To me, transported with my theme,

" Already ye appeared the same!

" Shepherds, be candid, was I far to blame?"

THE BEE.

AN IDYLLION.

"THAT Bee," romantic INO said,
"Gathering the fragrance of the mead,
"With dews, and juices from the dell,
"Affiduous flores her waxen cell.
"Soon as the vernal zephyr blows,
"Soon as the blush of morning glows,
"To banks of thyme she hastes away,
"And ere the fragrant blooms decay,
"Unwearied loads her little thighs,
"Her work with busy murmur plies,
"Nor, fluttering vain on idle wing,
"In pastime wastes the breathing spring,
"Till all the dewy blossoms fade,
"And winter desolate the mead.

"So,

" So, warned by Wisdom's prudent lore,
 " Man should improve the present hour,
 " And, like the Bee, should spurn delay,
 " For time will swiftly fly away."
 She said, but, with a roguish smile,
 Love sily listened all the while,
 And thus resumed the moral lay,
 " Yes, time will swiftly fly away:
 " To give the formal dame her due,
 " Wisdom for once hath spoken true:
 " Then hasten, INO, and enjoy
 " The hour ere youth and beauty fly."

ON AUTUMN.

TIME flies, how unperceived, away!

Ere while the rosy-bosomed May
Adorned the woods and plains :
Now May's enlivening smiles are fled,
And see, in yellow robes array'd,
The jolly Autumn reigns.

And soon will Autumn disappear,
Stern Winter desolate the year,
And storms invade the skies.

So man, the pageant of an hour,
Shines for a time in pomp and power,
And then unheard of dies.

Nor beauty's bloom, nor regal state,
Nor the vain glory of the great,

Nor

LYRIC VERSES. 19

Nor gold, nor glittering gems,
Can purchase life: not even a mind
Warm with the love of all mankind
The parting breath redeems.

Yet for the few in Virtue's cause,
Who spite of Custom's tyrant-laws,
Contemn low-minded Care,
A radiant wreath of power to save
Beyond oblivion and the grave
Celestial hands prepare.

ON WINTER.

LO! the fragrant flowers decay,
The balmy zephyrs haste away,
From the storm-engendering north
Black embattled clouds come forth,
And Winter through the lurid air
Rolls his fable-courser'd car:
Around him kindred tempests croud,
And sweeping whirlwinds howl aloud.
Ushered with awful storms that roar
Impetuous from the mountain hoar,
Darkness descending spreads her veil
Of thickest gloom on hill and dale,
On lofty hall and turret high,
And not a star illumines the sky.

Social pleasures now I share,
 While Friendship, of enlivening air,
 Fills the gaily sparkling bowl :
 To joy unbending all my soul,
 While blithe good-humour brings along
 The witty tale, the lively song,
 Laughter free, and Converse gay,
 Stealing the gloomy hours away.
 Hence Reserve with searching eye,
 Malice, and whispering Calumny ;
 Hence Revelry profane and rude,
 Rusticity's unpolished brood ;
 Ye fell corroding Cares away !
 On Avarice or Envy prey.
 But if sublimer joys invite,
 Beneath the favouring gloom of night
 I trim my lamp, revolve the page,
 And scan the labours of the sage :

Chiefly of those whose curious art
Explores the mazes of the heart;
Explains what fine connections bind
The kindred sympathies of mind;
Marks how the grouped ideas rise
To please, astonish, and surprize;
And how the various figures flow
Rapid with joy, with sorrow flow;
How wide the ungoverned passions roll;
How Rage and Hatred shake the soul;
How Envy poisons our repose;
And Vice begets a thousand woes.
Rapt with the theme, O may I feel
How Virtue bids the storm be still,
Bids every raging passion cease,
And pours the heavenly beam of peace.
When darkness and the tempests fly,
If frosts unveil the azure sky:

Along

Along the southern lea the Muse
 Her sweetly-pensive walk pursues,
 Or by the brown forsaken wood,
 Or by the icy-fettered flood.
 Though May her glowing tints refuse,
 The rural scene invites the Muse :
 Though flashing meteors fire the pole,
 Though storms descend, and thunders roll,
 The soul, alive to Nature's charms,
 Rejoices in her dread alarms.
 Even 'mid the waste of wintry skies
 Beauty salutes poetic eyes ;
 For see! what gems of various ray
 Sparkle on the leafless spray!
 Brighter, I ween, than those that shine
 In the Indian or Brazilian mine.
 And where projecting rocks distil
 Through mossy chinks the living rill,

24 LYRIC VERSES.

What strange enchantment meets my eyes!

Lo! chrystal battlements arise!

Here fairy towers of orient sheen,

And pillared porticos are seen,

Where some Elfin dame may dwell,

Sovereign of the potent spell.——

These, Winter, these delights are thine,

For these before thy icy shrine

I bend me, and devoutly pay

The tribute of a grateful lay.

THE

T H E
DEATH OF EIRA.
A N O D E.

STROPHE.

KILDA! by thy winding shore,
Cliffs abrupt and mountains hoar,
EIRA, lovely as the morn,
Perished frantic and forlorn.
Wild, from yon towering mountain high,
Heard ye not the raven cry?
Through the tempest-threatening air
The sea-fowl screamed afar;
Then down the heaven's stupendous steep
The spirit of the whirlwind rode,
His fable couriers plowed the deep,
And Ocean's angry surges roared aloud.

ANTI-

26 LYRIC VERSES.

ANTISTROPHE.

To the rock whose rugged sides
Drench'd repel th'outrageous tides,
See! the billow-heaving blast
Drives the bark with headlong haste.
The tempest rattles in the sails:
Now nor sail, nor helm avails!
Ah mariners! in wayward hour
Ye brave the whirlwind's power. —
They perish! 'twas the cry of woe! —
And now it sounds a wilder strain!
And now — tis past! at pleasure blow
Tempests! at pleasure heave the billowy main.

EPODE.

Wild as raging winds and waves,
Wild and weeping EIRA raves,

Beats her bosom, rends her hair!
 Her bridegroom perished in the main!
 Thy sorrow, EIRA, streams in vain!
 No pity sways the storm's inhuman ear.
 Him whom KILDA's maids deplore,
 Pleasing to thy soul no more,
 On the boiling billow tost
 Down to ERIN's shelving coast,
 Him relentless winds and wave
 Drive through the deeps and coral caves.
 "And there I'll clasp his corse!" she frantic cried,
 And headlong plunged into the roaring tide.

THE

THE INVITATION.

AN IDYLLION.

FAIR Lady, leave parade and show,

O leave thy courtly guise a while:

For thee the vernal breezes blow,

And groves, and flowery valleys smile:

For no conceited selfish pride

Corrupts thy taste for rural joy:

Nor can thy gentle heart abide

The taunting lip, or scornful eye.

Nor scorn, nor envy harbour here,

Nor discord, nor profane desires:

No flattery shall offend thine ear,

For love our faithful song inspires.

When

LYRIC VERSES. 29

When smiling morn ariseth gay,
Gilding the dew-drops on the lawn,
Our flocks on flowery uplands stray,
Our songs salute the rosy dawn.

When noon-tide scorcheth all the hills,
And all the flowers and herbage fade,
We seek the cool refreshing rills
That warble through the green-wood glade.

But when the lucid star of eve
Shines in the western sky serene,
The swains and shepherdesses weave
Fantastic measures on the green.

O Lady, change thy splendid state,
With us a shepherdess abide ;
Contentment dwells not with the great,
But flies from avarice and pride.

The

38 LYRIC VERSES.

The groves invite thee, and our vale,
Where every fragrant bud that blows,
And every stream, and every gale
Will yield thee pastime and repose.

THE PAINTER.

AN ANACREONTIC.

WHEN CAEA's son aspir'd to fame,
Aspir'd to paint the PAPHIAN dame,
Despairing even in GREECE to find
In one the numerous charms combin'd
Of mein, and shape, and hue, and air,
That constitute the peerless fair,
And being bound, in love and duty,
To paint a paragon of beauty,

He

He travelled far, and gathered graces,
 In various lands, from various faces.
 The maidens, emulous of fame,
 Crouded where'er the painter came:
 One gave the soft seducing eye,
 And one the morn's vermilion dye,
 Another gave her flowing hair,
 And some seemed conscious of their air,
 Or bade the snowy bosom heave,
 Or symmetry, or sweetness gave.
 In BRITAIN'S isle, in modern times,
 Believe me, though I deal in rhymes,
 Instead of wandering far and near
 For bloom and features, shape and air,
 Charmed in one heavenly form to find
 Beauty's subduing powers combin'd,
 The artist would have saved his toil,
 Had he beheld LAVINIA smile.

THE

THE RELAPSE.

AN IDYLLION.

I'M free! no more with dance and song,
Shepherds, I join the rural throng,
For love in your assembly reigns.
I'm free! I've broke the tyrant's chains.
Hence, far hence now let me stray,
Where woods exclude the glare of day,
Where the tumbling high cascade
Rushes through the rocky glade,
Where the mournful stock-dove moans,
And the groves return her groans,
And no joyful sound is near
Rudely to invade mine ear.
Sweet Meditation! nymph that loves
To roam by twilight in the groves,

Conduct

Conduct me to thy mossy cell,
 Where all alone thou lovest to dwell,
 Save when musing Melancholy
 Shuns with thee the noise of folly ;
 And ever teach me to despise
 Of fleeting life the cares or joys.
 For what hath life but preying cares,
 Slight pleasures, and perpetual fears,
 Vain scene of troubles and of toils !
 Unless when my LAVINIA smiles.
 LAVINIA ! how the magic name
 Shoots through my soul a living flame !
 Subdues me ! glides into my song !—
 Ah me ! these gloomy groves among
 I said I would securely rove
 Free from the tyranny of love !
 In vain !—Adieu, ye lonely streams,
 Where meek-eyed Meditation dreams ;

34 LYRIC VERSES.

Adieu, ye close embowering shades,
For love your thickest gloom pervades.

H Y M N
TO THE MUSE.

STROPHE.

WHILE I tune the votive lay,
And invoke the Muse's aid,
Hence, ye harpy cares, away!
Nor profane the hallowed shade.
Benign inspirer of my song,
O come, and with thee bring along,
Essential to the tuneful vein,
Calm quiet, and the soul serene.

ANTI-

LYRIC VERSES. 35

ANTISTROPHE.

Often have I left the plains,
Left the rural sports and play,
Careless of the nymphs and swains,
Of their games and pastime gay;
By thee of every care beguiled,
Thoughtful I ranged the pathless wild,
Where lonely lakes reflect the skies,
And groves and hoary rocks arise.

EPODE.

Far in the forest's awful shade,
Where Solitude, of pensive mien,
Reclined beside the high cascade,
Admires the wild romantic scene,
Pleased as the torrent roars along,
Or listening to the turtle's song;

36 LYRIC VERSES.

Often my enchanted eyes
Saw thy mystic band arise,
And thy magic numbers stole,
Murmuring sweetly, on my soul.

STROPHE.

Ever as returning spring
Smiled auspicious on the mead,
And the tempest's hoary king
Howling in the whirlwind fled,
By thee enlivened and inspir'd,
By nature's powerful beauty fir'd,
Careless of censure, blithe and free,
I sung of nature and of thee.

ANTISTROPHE.

In the stream-divided glade,
O how sweet with thee unseen,

By the bloomy hawthorn shade
 To enjoy the pensive scene,
 When HESPER closed the gates of day,
 And CYNTHIA, with her silver ray,
 Arising o'er the mountain's brow,
 Gladdened the gloomy vale below.

E P O D E.

Then issuing from their rocky shelves,
 Where dripping rills fast-trickling strain
 In order meet the fairy-elves
 Extend along the flowery plain :
 And now the mazy ranks advance,
 Revolving wild the mystic dance ;
 Shrill the elfin minstrels sing,
 By the stream the sprightly ring
 Lightly trip the dewy plain
 Round and round the glow-worm's train.

STROPHE.

Muse, thy sweet assuasive power
Scothes my soul, assailed with grief,
As the soft-descending shower
Gives the sickening rose relief,
When o'er the yellow meads and vales
The madding rage of noon prevails,
And flowers and vivid verdure fade,
And shepherds seek the embowering shade.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thee, to Virtue near ally'd,
No ignoble cares controul;
Scorning pomp, despising pride,
Thine the independent soul.
How dear to love and friendship thou
Of turtle-eye and placid brow,

LYRIC VERSES. 39

For feelings exquisitely fine
And truth and tenderness are thine.

EPODE.

While others in adventurous flight
Soar high on PEGASAEAN wing,
Eager to found the bloody fight
And red-ey'd war's terrific king,
Give me, amid the lonely grove,
Unseen, unheard, with thee to rove,
Free from anxious doubts and fears,
Far from pride and courtly cares,
Pallid envy, fierce debate,
Calumny, and rankling hate.

H Y M N
T O H E A L T H.

O By the gentle gales that blow
 Refreshing from the mountain's brow,
By the vermil bloom of morn,
By the dew-drop on the thorn,
By the sky-lark's matin lay,
By the flowers that blooming May
 Sprinkles on the meads and hills,
By the brooks and fuming rills,
Come, smiling Health, and deign to be
Our queen of rural sports and glee.
What sudden radiance gilds the skies!
What warblings from the groves arise!

A breeze

LYRIC VERSES. 41

A breeze more odoriferous blows!
The stream more musically flows!
A brighter smile the valley wears!
And lo! the lovely queen appears.
O Health, I know thy blue-bright eye,
Thy dewy lip, thy rosy dye,
Thy dimpled cheek, thy lively air
That wins a smile from pining care.
Soft-pinioned gales around thee breathe,
Perfuming dews thy tresses bathe,
The zone of VENUS girds thy waist,
The young Loves flutter round thy breast,
And on thy path the rose-winged hours
Scatter their ever-varying flowers.
See! the nymphs and every swain
Mingle in thy festive train,
With roguish winks, and winning wiles,
And whispering low, and dimpling smiles,

And

42 LYRIC VERSES.

And many a tale, devised with care,
To win the bashful maiden's ear ;
And sweetly soothing blandishment,
And the coy air of half consent ;
And Joy, and rose-complexioned Laughter
With tottering footstep following after.
Goddeſs, ever blithe and fair,
Ever mild and debonair,
Stay with us, and deign to be
Our Queen of rural mirth and glee.

ANA-

ANACREONTIC.

I FAIR would finite a louder sing,
 Of arms and martial feats would sing,
 How WOLF subdued the Gallic pride,
 And like the conquering THEBAN died:
 How foremost in the ranks of war,
 The sword of SCOTLAND flamed afar,
 Dealt wild destruction to the foe,
 And laid the howling INDIAN low.
 From PINDUS, from CASTALIA'S streams,
 Deep-read in forms, and learned in names,
 I bid the Muse ascend sublime,
 And build the everlasting rhyme:
 But forms, and long learned words are vain,
 Harsh and uncouth the stubborn strain.
 But when I sing the power of love,
 Melody delights the grove,

Fragrant

44 LYRIC VERSES.

Fragrant blooming flowers arise,
Breathing incense to the skies ;
Soft as evening zephyrs blow
The ambling easy numbers flow,
And by this proof convinced, I see,
O Love! I have no Muse but thee.

IDYLLION

TO a GENTLEMAN of the West
Indies on his Marriage.

“AND thou hast dared to wear the chain!

“ And flowery may the fetters be!

“ If merit can the meed obtain,

“ Content will ever smile on thee.

“ Con-

- “ Connubial blessings shall be thine,
 “ Connubial virtues warm thy breast :
 “ Truth, candour, and good-humour join
 “ To render thee supremely blest.”

As thus the swain, from every hill,
 From every vale, and woody plain,
 From every brook, and gushing rill
 Wild-nymphs replied in plaintive strain :

- “ Far from his native glades and groves,
 “ Far hence our chearful shepherd strays,
 “ Mid southern isles and oceans roves,
 “ Nor heeds our gratulating lays.
 “ Yet here no fiery ray inflames
 “ The breezeless sky; our zephyrs blow
 “ Fresh from the mountain; and our streams
 “ Cool through the verdant valley flow.

“ Here

46 LYRIC VERSES.

“ Here Health of roseat hue invites,

“ Her breath perfumes the downy gale,

“ The warbling of her song delights

“ The echoing green hill and the vale.

“ Blest with the affections of the fair,

“ With truth, and peace, and lasting joy,

“ Ne’er may the gloomy cloud of care

“ The sunshine of his soul destroy.”

Thine absence thus our valley mourns,

And thus we hail thy tender love :

Echo the strain returns, returns

A mother’s voice from G—— grove.

TO

TO HEALTH.

AN IDYLLION.

GENIAL Health! that loves to dwell

Mid the rural wild retreat,

Where the balmy-breathing gale

Aye perfumes thy grassy feat:

Goddeſs of the enlivening ſmile,

On thy cheek the roſes glow,

And thy winning words beguile

Sorrow and the pangs of woe.

Ever on the upland lawn

Warbleſt thou the oaten reed,

When the roſy-featured dawn

Beams upon the yellow mead.

Blithely

48 LYRIC VERSES.

Blithely dancing art thou seen
With the swains and filvan maids,
When along the liliated green
Eve her dewy mantle spreads.

Goddeſs, from the flowery waſte,
Hear a ſimple ſhepherd's prayer :
Hear our valley's fond requeſt,
And to PHOEBE's bower repair.

With thy lenient breezes come!
With the enlivening ſmile of joy!
O reſtore her fading bloom!
O relume her languid eye!

And I ween no vulgar meed
Shall reward thy guardian care,
If a ſhepherd's ſimple reed
Ever won thy liſtning ear.

THE

THE INVITATION.

Written at ST. PETERSBURGH.

LESBIA, return—I cannot say
 To flowery fields, and seasons gay :
 The Muse desponding cannot sing
 Of the sweet garniture of Spring,
 Of sunny hills, and verdant vales,
 And groves, and streams, and gentle gales :
 These in more hospitable climes
 May run mellifluent in my rhimes :
 For Winter, hoary and severe,
 Rules, an imperious despot, here.
 In chains the headlong flood he binds,
 He rides impetuous on the winds,
 Before him awful forests bend,
 And tempests in his train contend.

D

But

50 LYRIC VERSES.

But what though wintry winds prevail,
Though BOREAS sends his rattling hail,
SIBERIAN snows, and many a blast
Howling along the dreary waste,
From SAMOÏDA to the shores
Where black with storms the EUXINE roars,
Thy blameless wit, thy polished sense,
Can ease and gaiety dispense.
Come then, my lovely Maid, and bring
The kindly influence of Spring:
Come with thy animating air,
And nature's weary waste repair.

HYMN

LYRIC VERSES. 51

H Y M N
T O
S O L I T U D E.

YE vales, ye venerable shades,
Ye gloomy groves, romantic glades,
To your retreats I fly;
Remote from pride's disdainful sneer,
And Folly's rude, unmeaning leer,
And Envy's venom'd eye.
OREADS and DRYADS, silvan powers,
Inhabiting the caves and bowers,
Or ye that from the rocks and hills
Send rivers and refreshing rills,
Propitious guide me to the dells
Where SOLITUDE in quiet dwells.

52 LYRIC VERSES.

O have ye seen the gentle maid,
 Her tresses waving to the wind,
 Like a young shepherdes array'd,
 All in the mossy cave reclin'd,
 Where the fragrant woodbine blows,
 And a limpid fountain flows
 Murmuring through the vale,
 While far amid the deepening grove
 Lorn PHILOMEL attunes her love
 In wild notes warbling to the according gale?
 There musing MELANCHOLY reigns,
 And as she breathes her solemn strains,
 The pensive thoughts in soft succession rise,
 Heaves the warm heart, and swim the tearful eyes.

O SOLITUDE, of soul serene,
 Of thoughtful eye, and modest mein,
 Lovely philosophic maid
 Guide me to thy silent shade!

Often in thy woody dell,
 The Muses tune the charming shell
 That fills the soul with heavenly fires,
 Undaunted fortitude inspires,
 Inspires magnanimous designs,
 The grovelling appetites refines,
 The filken bands of pleasure breaks,
 And vice's wide dominion shakes.
 From thee arose the SAMIAN song;
 From thee the laws of NUMA sprung;
 In later times by thee reveal'd,
 LUTHER the beam of truth beheld,
 And fearless bade the powerful light
 Confound the spectres of the night;
 Night fled with Superstition's train,
 The scourge, the rack, the galling chain.

O lead me to the solemn groves,
 Where heavenly CONTEMPLATION roves:

54 LYRIC VERSES.

The holy hermit often frays
Far from the valley's flowery maze,
Sequestered on the mountains hoar,
Where forests wave, and torrents roar.
Incumbent o'er the rocky steep
He views afar the boundless deep,
And when the waves of Ocean roll,
Sublime delight suspends his soul.
By him the emancipated mind
Leaves narrow Prejudice behind,
Soars high, beyond the shrieks of night
Guides unappalled her eagle-flight,
To meet Religion's genuine ray,
" And mingle with the blaze of day."

TO

T O M I R T H.

AN IDYLLION.

HA S T E thee, M I R T H, enlivening power,
Parent of the genial hour,
Sportive god without delay
Animate our festal day.
Here, where dewy roses glow,
And the hawthorn blossoms blow,
And the lively linnets sing,
Wave thy pleasure-breathing wing.
Come, inspire the festive strain;
Come with all thy happy train,
Jovial Sports, alluring Wiles,
Laughter, and the dimpling Smiles.
Leave a while the PAPHIAN grove,
Lo, the radiant Queen of Love,

56 LYRIC VERSES.

Ever gentle, ever gay,
Hither wins her easy way.
And how lovely she appears!
Ino's form the goddess wears,
With her unaffected ease,
And her native power to please,
And her sweetly-pensive air,
And her smiles that banish care.
Hark! from every vocal grove,
Shepherds swell the raptured song,
"Who is she that moves along?
"Ino? or the Queen of Love?"

PLAIN

PLAIN TRUTH.

TO A LADY.

AN ANACREONTIC.

“ **A**WAKE, my muse! awake, my lyre!

“ In DELIA’S praise: and may the lay,

“ Glowing with pure poetic fire,

“ Flow copious, elegant, and gay.

“ Her virtues and her charms proclaim,

“ Proclaim her innocent of guile,

“ And gentle; and transmit to fame

“ The power of her subduing smile.”

’Twas thus, reclined in yonder shade,

I oft invoked the muse’s aid:

At

58 LYRIC VERSES.

At length she came ; but vanished fast,
And smiling archly as she past,
She said, " 'Twere better had you chose
" To tell your tale in honest prose ;
" And therefore, when you call me next,
" Take my advice, and change the text ;
" Invoke me when you deal in fiction,
" Plain truth needs no poetic diction."

WITH

WITH SOME FLOWERS.

TO A LADY.

AN IDYLLION.

TO thee, sweet-smiling maid, I bring

The beauteous progeny of Spring:

In every breathing bloom I find

Some pleasing emblem of thy mind.

The blushes of that opening rose

Thy tender modesty disclose.

These snow-white lilies of the vale,

Diffusing fragrance to the gale,

No ostentatious tints assume,

Vain of their exquisite perfume ;

Careless, and sweet, and mild, we see

In these a lovely type of thee.

In

60 LYRIC VERSES.

In yonder gay enamelled field
Serene that azure blossom smil'd;
Not changing with the changeful sky,
Its faithless tints inconstant fly,
For unimpaired by winds and rain
I saw the unaltered hue remain.
So, were thy wild affections prov'd,
Thy heart by fortune's frowns unmov'd,
Pleased to administer relief,
In troublous times would solace grief,
These flowers with genuine beauty glow;
The tints from Nature's pencil flow;
What artist could improve their bloom?
Or meliorate their sweet perfume?
Fruitless the vain attempt. Like these,
Thy native truth, thine artless ease,
Fair, unaffected maid, can never fail to please.

RUNNY MEAD.

NOVEMUR ENIM, NESCIO QUO PACTO,
LOCIS IPSIS IN QUIBUS EORUM QUOS
DILIGIMUS AUT ADMIRAMUR
ADSUNT VESTIGIA.

CIC. DE LEG.

A conference between the King and the Barons was appointed at Runny Mead, between Windsor and Staines, a place which has ever since been extremely celebrated on account of this great event. The two parties encamped apart like open enemies ; and, after a debate of a few days, the King, with a facility which was somewhat suspicious, signed and sealed the Charter which was required of him. This famous deed, commonly called the Great Charter, either granted or secured very important liberties and privileges to every order of men in the kingdom.

HUME'S HIST. Chap. ii.

R U N N Y M E A D.

HERE will I stay my stranger-steps, and greet
This hallowed field. Here, though unskilled
to breathe

Soft melody, mine oaten reed shall pour
The song of gratulation. RUNNY MEAD,
Thee I salute with reverence! not that May
Accompanied with odoriferous gales,
Visits thy border, and with herbs and flowers
Arrays thee; nor that THAMES 'mid willowed isles,
And fruitful field, slow-winding from the towers
And groves of WINDSOR, laves thy margin green,
Rendering thee homage; nor that COOPER-HILL,
Adorned with verdure, and renowned in song,

64 RUNNY MEAD.

Defends thee from the sultry south. It is
 That Freedom honours thee—hail, RUNNY MEAD!
 Illustrious field! like MARATHON renown'd!
 Or SALAMIS, where Freedom on the hosts
 Of PERSIA from her radiant sword shook fear
 And dire discomfiture! Even now I tread
 Where ALBION's antient Barons won the pledge
 Of independence. Here on stately steeds
 Gaily caparisoned, their shields engrav'd
 With fair atchievements, and devices quaint
 Of chivalry, with plaited mail and spear
 High-flaming they advanced. Their brow sedate,
 And stedfast mein announced the vigorous mind
 Determined for the public weal. Rebuk'd
 By their superior genius, though begirt
 With flattering minions, in thy fullen eye,
 PLANTAGENET! thine abject spirit lour'd.

“ Think

RUNNY MEAD. 65

“ I think not,” they cried, “ thou reignest and
art rever’d

“ By free-born men to gratify thy pride

“ And worthless appetites. Mistaken Prince,

“ Can regal titles, like a potent spell,

“ Confer dominion? or can sounding phrase,

“ Monarch and Emperor, mere words, convey

“ A right to tyrannize? Or hast thou dream’d

“ That chosen genii at the birth of kings

“ Preside auspicious, forming them for rule

“ And high pre-eminence? What earth refin’d

“ By stellar influence mild, tempered in soils

“ ELYSIAN, moistened with the dews that bathe

“ The blooms of PARADISE, hath Nature sought

“ To fashion princes? Or what obvious proof

“ Of peerless worth, stamped on their outward
form,

“ Commands obedience? In the haughty eye,

E

“ And

66 RUNNY MEAD.

“ And on the lofty forehead, Pride alone
“ Hath graved the law, “ Obey me, and submit
“ Implicit to my will.” An impious law,
“ Unwarranted by reason, and condemn’d
“ By the ingenuous dictates of the heart !
“ Say, can the Monarch, or proud Baron, boast
“ Finer materials, or more skilled device
“ In their formation, or more curious shape
“ And ministry of limbs, than he that plows
“ The glebe, and earns his livelihood with toil ?
“ Yet with no dainty cates the mapple dish
“ Regales his palate ; and from wintry winds
“ He seeks the shelter of his humble cot,
“ Unenvious of the lofty hall begirt
“ With towers and battlements. No purer gales
“ Inspire thy panting lungs, than what he breathes
“ To woods and wilds in lively-ditted song.
“ Vain pageantry and long parade of state

“ Work-

- " Working on idle fancy, fill the crowd
- " With gaping wonder: but will pale Disease
- " Regard thy royalty? Or can thy power
- " Stay or repell the arm of Death? He comes,
- " No supple courtier trim, with lip that wears
- " Sweet filken finiles, inviting to the feast,
- " Or fair assembly of soft maids. He comes,
- " Haggard and stern; a shape uncouth, with frowns
- " Horrific to confound thy pride, and waste
- " Thy pampered carcase. Know, to all mankind,
- " Nature accords like appetites and powers
- " Of genuine pleasure. The laborious hind
- " Like thee enjoys the bed of ease; enjoys
- " The balmy pleasures of applause; and woos
- " The sweet endearments of domestic life.
- " Perchance more musical the father's name
- " Saluteth his ear; the appellation bland
- " Of husband, dews of softer bliss distils

68 R U N N Y M E A D.

“ On his consenting heart, than kings have prov’d
“ Amid the glare of courts. What tastes beside,
“ Thy breast solicit, or what passions fire,
“ Require the rule of reason: if indulg’d
“ Beyond due limits, they degrade the soul,
“ And poison our repose. To shame the night
“ With revelry and riot, to consume
“ The day in torpid sloth, to be admir’d
“ And gazed at by the gaping croud, to fold
“ Thy limbs in soft apparel, and to feed
“ On dainty viands, while continual smiles
“ Of fawning minions weary thee, behold
“ The sum of thine enjoyments! spurious joys!
“ The brood of false Opinion, in the lap
“ Of Flattery nurs’d, and fostered with the smiles
“ Of self-applauding Vanity. For these
“ Wouldst thou enslave thy fellow-men? deprive
“ Them of their native rights? O worse than wild
“ Vora-

“ Voracious tyger! he pursues the fawn
 “ To gratify his natural wants : but thou,
 “ To gratify thy spurious passions, born
 “ Of vice, unowned by nature wouldst condemn
 “ Thy fellow-men to misery. Cast down
 “ The proud presumptuous thought; and seek the
 fame

“ To reign thy people’s father, to preserve
 “ Their independence, and prevent the woes
 “ That spring from anarchy and fierce misrule.”

O gallant chiefs! whether ye ride the winds,
 Bound on some high commission to confound
 The pride of guilty kings; or to alarm
 Their coward spirits through the realms of night
 Hurl the tremendous comet; or in bowers
 Of blooming paradise enjoy repose;
 I ween the memory of your patriot-zeal
 Exalts your glory, and sublimes your joy.

That day, reclining in his mossy hall,
 Raised on high columns, paved with ores, and
 roof'd

With chrystal, underneath the gliding wave,
 Amid the assembly of the watery powers
 Swelling his tide with tributary streams,
 THAMES heard the tidings; and his prescient mind
 Was rapt in far futurity. " 'Tis done!"
 He cried, " 'tis done! the mighty deed atchiev'd,
 " Big with important issues! For a time,
 " Though destined days of havock and dismay
 " May lour with hideous aspect, yet athwart
 " These glooms horrific, lo! the star of peace
 " Ariseth radiant, shedding beams of mild
 " Assuasive influence. Lo, she comes! she comes!
 " Freedom from her celestial bower descends
 " Girt with refulgent glory, to promote

" The independent virtues, and improve
 " The latent principles of human worth.
 " Hail, Freedom! hail! Like the pervading beam
 " Of TITAN, through all nature kindling life,
 " And health, and gladness, thy reviving ray
 " Exhilarates and warms. Bereft of thee,
 " Even in the bowers, and flowery paths of joy
 " The struggling sigh arises, chilling fear
 " Unnerves the heart, and secret pangs of grief
 " Prey on the manly spirit. Soft the smile
 " Of orient Morn; and sweet the rustling wing
 " Of ZEPHYR rising from the waste of flowers,
 " And breathing fragrance; but nor orient Morn,
 " Nor fragrant ZEPHYR, nor ARABIAN climes,
 " Nor gilded cielings, can relieve the soul
 " Pining in thraldom. On thy step attends
 " ASTRÆA smiling, to the virtuous mind
 " A lovely form, mild, and benevolent;

“ But to the foul foul with committed crimes
“ Frowning, an hideous Gorgon, armed with wrath,
“ And clothed with deadly terror. Candid Truth,
“ In white apparel, beauteous as the Morn,
“ The friend of Justice, honoured and careft
“ By Liberty, revisits earth. Erewhile
“ Banished by Superstition’s yells and racks
“ Tormenting, by fell tyranny dismay’d
“ And persecuted to ethereal fields
“ She winged her luminous flight: behind her
 clos’d
“ Deep darkness. Beam, O gentle Goddess, beam
“ Thy holy light! protected by the shield
“ Of Liberty, confound the dark deceit,
“ The guile of specious priesthood, and expose
“ The cruelty and barbarous arts that lurk
“ Behind the bannered crosses. In the lone walk
“ Of Meditation let thy form serene

“ Salute

- " Salute the pondering sage, and chear his soul
 " Labouring in doubts, in wild opinion's maze
 " Perplexed and wandering. By thine eye dispers'd,
 " Millions of varying shades, and shapes uncouth,
 " Thin air-blown theories, and systems wove
 " With fancy's woof, glistening in transient beams
 " Of novelty, dissolve. The unreal form
 " Of Error, vested in the motlied garb
 " Of Ignorance and Folly, trickt with smiles
 " Perfidious, vanishes in air. What strains
 " Of warbled melody delight my soul?
 " From groves, and glades, and every winding
 stream
 " Harmony breathes! The powers of song awake
 " Their numerous descant. They in ages past
 " Hight nymphs PIERIAN, in the AONIAN glades,
 " By streams of fair CEPHISUS, or in groves
 " Of HELICON, sweet-smiling minstrels, dealt
 " Har-

74 RUNNY MEAD.

" Harmony to the listening isles and shores
 " Of GREECE. How soon fair Liberty, betray'd
 " By venal arts and foul corruption, fled
 " Her cities, and the towers of PALLAS fell
 " A prey to thralldom, the melodious choir
 " Ceas'd their sweet warbling. Yet in after times
 " Their voice was heard, and when despotic power
 " Assumed the mien of Liberty, a strain
 " Energic flow'd by TIBER, and the pipe
 " In MANTUA warbled. Ah! full soon the roar
 " And dissonance of discord harsh, and frowns
 " Of tyranny, whose rugged visage damps
 " The genial fervors of the soul, and quells
 " The aspiring spirit, marred their heavenly song.
 " Again they lift their tuneful voice, and pour
 " Their sweet assuasive numbers. Deadly feuds,
 " And war, and carnage, and the groans of death,
 " Shall cease: the islands and the fruitful vales
 " Shall

RUNNY MEAD. 75

“ Shall shout with gladness; and the mingled dance,
“ The sprightly tabor, and the pipe shall cheer
“ My willowed banks. Ye villagers, rejoice;
“ And ye who cultivate the fertile glebe
“ Carrol the gladsome song. For you the plain
“ Shall wave with wheaten harvests; and the gale
“ From blooming bean-fields shall diffuse perfume.
“ In gallant order, o’er my curling wave,
“ Arrayed in gay apparel, crowned with gems,
“ Commerce exulting guides her burnished prow.
“ Hail Lady, welcome to the shores and streams
“ Of sea-girt ALBION. From the mountain’s brow
“ Descend propitious O ye gales! and swell
“ The floating canvas. Waft to distant shores
“ The fruits of ALBION’s cultured fields; the
 fleece
“ Shorn from her milk-white flocks; and in return,
“ Give power and fame to her deserving race.”

He

76 RUNNY MEAD.

He ceased; and lo! with glad accord the nymphs
Raised the soft symphony: and on thy lap,
Fair field! invoked the fostering dews, and showers,
And western gales, to scatter opening blooms.

Famed RUNNY MEAD! thee I survey with awe
And holy reverence. May no impious step
Profane thy hallowed bounds. O ye, immerst
In luxury or shameful sloth, the slaves
Of pleasure, who neglect the warning voice
Of public virtue, when a nation's tears
Implore deliverance from oppression's rod,
Or baleful penury!—O ye who dare,
In spite of shame, regardless of contempt,
For paltry gold, or titles falsely deem'd
Honours, your peerless birth-right sell, and bend
Submissive to the yoke!—O ye who bathe
Your speech in honied flattery, who mould
Your pliant features to assenting smiles,

And

RUNNY MEAD. 77

And heap mean incense on the splendid shrine
 Of arrogating Pride!—O false of heart
 Ye who enflamed with avarice, or revenge,
 Or envy, or ambition, dare assume
 The semblance of fair Liberty, to fire
 The madding multitude, and from her dens
 Infernal to provoke the snaky fiend,
 Frantic Sedition—Hence ye tainted crew,
 Nor taste this air, nor with licentious step
 Profane this hallowed ground. The virgin-choir
 PIERIAN here shall scatter garlands wove
 With flowers of ATTICA, and those that bloom
 By AGANIPPE's tuneful fount. The powers
 And virtues delegated to protect
 The human race, with ALBION's antient chiefs,
 Shall here assemble, and high councils hold
 To blast the might, to counteract the spells

OF

78 RUNNY MEAD.

Of Vice ; arch-necromancer ; and secure
The happiness ordained to mortal man.

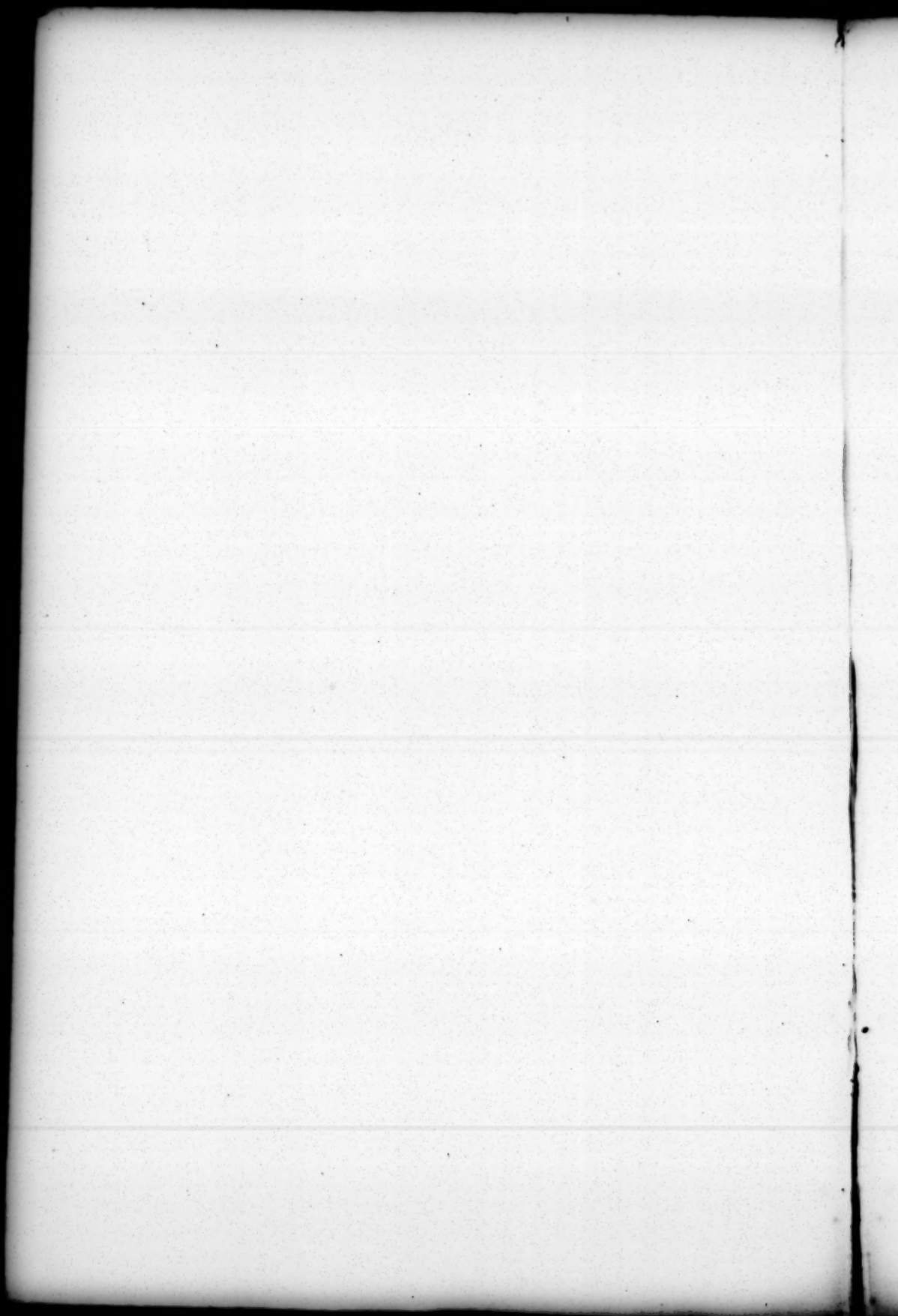
And now return, my vagrant Muse ! full bold
Hast thou adventured, and hast swelled a note
Of higher utterance than befits the reed
Of an unpolished minstrel. Yet the lay
Flows not in vain, nor without high reward
Of honour, if the illustrious few approve
Who value Independence, and have vow'd
By Truth and Virtue to maintain her power.

C O R S I C A.

WRITTEN AT

ST. PETERSBURGH,

M.DCC.LXVIII.



C O R S I C A.

BRITONS, awake! shake off the unseemly
bands

Of indolence and pleasure: from the embrace

Of wantonness arise: waste not those powers,

Destined by nature for illustrious deeds,

In revelry and riot. O how long,

Harrowing the soul, shall enmity and strife

Distract your reason, and destroy your peace?

What angry spirit hath gone forth, possess

Your troubled minds with discord, and inflam'd

The frenzy of sedition? shameless race!

The lust of power, the sordid thirst of gain

Compell your hearts; and pleasure's poisonous
draught

F

With

With secret, swift-consuming influence, wastes
Your boasted vigor. Tame, can ye behold
Oppression, with inhuman rage, pursue
The guiltless; burning with unhallowed zeal
To crush the free-born, and enthrall the brave?

O CORSICA, for thee my spirit grieves!
By nature destined the retreat of peace,
And smiling freedom; like BRITANNIA, girt
With guardian-waves, thy vales and watered plains
To persevering toil and culture yield
Abundance; not spontaneously profuse
To pamper sloth, but fertile to reward
The arts of industry. In vain thy seas
Defend thee, and thy fruitful vales in vain
Have courted freedom. From the LATIAN shore,
The ROMAN eagle, ravenous for the prey,
Ravaged thy fields: the CARTHAGINIAN spoil'd
Thy flowery vallies: and in later times,

The

The SARACEN defiled thy streams with gore :
These were thy foes profest. But under guise
Of plighted faith, the false LIGURIAN, skill'd
In perfidy and guileful arts, impos'd
The yoke of thralldom. Thus from age to age
Thy genius struggled with incessant toils ;
And what sustained thee but the generous zeal
For independence ? Hence thy valiant chief
PASCAL arose, from tyranny, and guile
Perfidious, to assert thy rights. In vain !
The GAUL insatiate, burning with the pangs
Of wild ambition thwarted, pours an host
Leagued with injustice, to o'erwhelm the sons
Of freedom, by ingenuous freedom bold.

O CORSICA, for thee my spirit grieves !
Moved with compassion, while in thought I view
Thy cities desolate, thy fruitful fields
Ravaged and waste. Slain in the prime of life

Thy warriors perish ; and thy hoary fires
Welter in blood ; thy matrons frantic, howl ;
And with dishevelled locks, thy tender maids
Disgraced, unpitied, wail. Who shall arise,
Faithful to virtue, and assured of fame,
To shield the guiltless, to defend the weak,
And break oppression's rod ? O who hath heard
The voice of Freedom pleading with her sons ?
That voice which penetrates and fires the heart,
Rouzes the powers of action, and dispels
Pleasure's deluding dream. To ALBION's cliffs
The goddess turns her tender-weeping eye :
So weeps a mother, injured and oppressed ;
So flies for succour to her elder-born.

O BRITONS ! let her pleading touch your hearts :
Hath she not cherished you ? hath not her power
In perilous times sustained you ; and repell'd
The weapons of oppression ? Hence your fields

Wave with abundance ; and your streets rejoice,
Crouded and active. Hence to every wind
Commerce expands her sails : from every clime,
From GANGES, and the spicy groves of IND,
Or from the western shores and islands laved
By the ATLANTIC, wealth, the due reward
Of industry, pours copious. Prospering arts,
Planted by Freedom, by her bounteous hand
Upheld, in ALBION fix their chosen seat.

But not alone, to pile unbounded wealth,
To cherish arts, secure and undisturb'd
To share the plenteous feast, and rest at ease
Beneath the bower of peace, hath HEAV'n bestow'd
The precious boon. 'Tis that the minds of men,
Vigorous and unrestrained, may raise their powers,
Put forth the fruits of virtue, and exalt
Their nature to a higher rank. O ye,
Skilful to search the mazes of the heart,

Weigh its perfections, and explore its powers,
Is there a virtue more divinely fair,
More powerful to resist o'erwhelming vice,
And give our faculties, embellished, fir'd
With heavenly energy, to soar sublime,
Than mild Benevolence? her radiant beams
Illuminate the breast, dispell the gloom
Of sordid passions, calm o'erflowing rage,
With genial influence foster and promote
The seeds of upright action, and diffuse
Joy to the conscious heart. So blith-eyed Spring
With smiles, and gentle airs, temperates the sky
From biting colds, unbinds the frozen glebe,
And with distilling dews prepares the year
For the sweet progeny of herbs and flowers.
But not alone in the forsaken vale
And woodland path of solitude, by deeds
Of private virtue, will the chosen few

Warmed

Warmed with the generous heart, valiant and free,
Improve their native fires. They climb the ascent
Of high renown : regardless of the smiles,
The soft enticements, and alluring arts
Of indolence and pleasure, they embrace
The weal of nations : dauntless, unappall'd
With perils, and with menaced death atchieve
Actions of bold emprise : and from the seat
Of power expel injustice. Thus inspir'd,
BRITONS arise ! ye who enjoy the sweets,
The conscious dignity, the placid smile
Of Liberty, impart the bliss to those
Who pant for independence ; yet behold
The yoke suspended, and the fetters forg'd.

Is there a state more piteous than of men
Free-born and brave, doomed by ambition's rage
To pine in thralldom ? Heirs of light and life,
Heirs of the bounty poured impartial forth

Of an imperious tyrant, when perchance
The heart revolts, and Virtue cries aloud
Against the deed. Chilled by unkindly blights,
Their opening virtues languish and decay.
Their features lose the liberal air of truth
And open candour. Dark suspicion clouds
Their lowering visage ; and deceit perverts
Their faltering speech. When pride and avarice
warp

The oppressor's heart, bar his relentless ear
Against the prayer of pity, and craze
The sense of merit from his darkened soul ;
What shield can weakness to his ravenous grasp
Oppose, but dastard guile ? Can those who groan
Beneath the inhuman task, whose rueful pangs
Unpitied, unrelieved, breed lasting hate
And thirst of vengeance in the soul, indulge
Tender emotions, and the glowing heart ?

O ye

O ye who roll the eye of fierce disdain,
Impute not to the trembling, tortur'd slave,
Condemned by partial fortune to endure
The stripes of avarice, and the scorn of pride,
Impute not guile, or an unfeeling breast.
Ye teach him feelings! your insatiate rage
His hate exasperates, and enflames his heart
With rancour and unusual wrath. 'Twas thus,
The IBERIAN humanized the guiltless tribes
Who roamed PERUVIAN forests, and the banks
Of ORELLANE, what time, convulsed and torn
With agony, the tortured fires bequeath'd
Resentment to their sons! 'Twas then their hearts
Throbbed with new horror; with unwonted ire
The wild eye reddened, and the virtues fled!
The gentle virtues! In their stead arose
Dismay, the counsellor of dastard deeds,
Revenge, and ruthless Hatred. Then were heard

Wail

Wailings and weeping: howled the desert-caves;
And nature from the roaring torrents figh'd.

'Tis Virtue's cause.—That plant of healing
power

To assuage heart-rending care, reared by the hand
Of smiling Liberty, expands, and bears
Sweet fruitage. BRITONS, ere the gathered storm,
Fierce-flying on the whirlwind's wasteful wing,
Scatter wild ruin, followed by the wail
Of unavailing sorrow, interpose
Timely relief, and from the ravening blast
Preserve the goodly blossoms. If by deeds
Ye prove your ardour genuine, and your zeal
For independence, not an airy dream,
Know, on your spirits the renewing power
Of liberty descending, shall restore
The virtues of your fathers, valour, truth,
And temperance, and justice. Who shall dare,

When

When thus enlightened, thus renewed, ye feel
 Your innate dignity ; when bold to act,
 And clear to penetrate, ye know the force
 And worth of independence ; who shall dare,
 By open violence, or insidious guile,
 Provoke your vengeance ? When the ATRI

rose

Heroic to defend the IONIAN states
 From PERSIA's arrogating power, the fire
 Of public virtue, with intenser beam,
 Glowed in their bosoms, on the gladdened isles,
 Streaming athwart incumbent glooms, diffus'd
 Mild radiance ; and with bright effulgence blaz'd
 Glorious around them, when the numerous host
 Of ASIA fled from MARATHON, and slain'd
 The shores of SALAMIS with reeking gore.

What boots it to enjoy the smiles of heaven,
 The flowery seasons, and the soft perfumes

Shook

Shook from the wings of zephyr, and retire
Forgotten to the grave? Is it for this
The mind of man, informed with mighty powers,
Conceives the future, and revolves the past,
Reasons, reflects, and judges? Hark! the voice
Of glory summons, bids the soul exert
Her faculties, not given to sleep supine
In pleasure's silken lap, but to achieve
Peerless renown. Nor will the laurel earn'd
By deeds of martial hardihood, preserve
Immortal verdure. Transient fame proceeds
From armies vanquished, and from ruined states.
Praise follows virtue. Few the THENAN bands,
And limited the scene of their exploits:
Yet Fame with rapture celebrates the chief,
Who, calmly brave, on MANTINAEA's field,
Expired a patriot; turning with disdain
From the fierce ravagers whose numerous hosts,

Stream-

Streaming from SCYTHIAN and SARMATIAN
cliffs,

Deluged the world. Although your conquering
sword,

Heroes of ALBION, on the northern shores

Of CANADA, or in the genial isles,

CUBA and MARTINIQUE, humbled the pride

Of CELTIC and IBERIAN kings, your fame

Shines with diminished splendor, if the prayers

Of injured virtue are preferred in vain.

Arise distinguished! blast Ambition's hopes!

Frustrate her dark designs! the heroic deed

Shall live recorded in the page of fame,

Or warbled by the muse. The immortal muse.

From time's impetuous tide, whose current sweeps

Kingdoms and mighty nations down the gulph

Of dark oblivion, rescues and preserves

The wreath by virtue earn'd. In future times,

By

By Golo's streams, or in the cultured plains
 Of fair BALAGNA, when secure of wrongs,
 And lawless rule, the peasant shall behold
 His ripening harvests, conscious of his bliss,
 Thus to his sons shall he rehearse the praise
 Of BRITISH virtue—(from their eyes the while,
 Tears of soft-mingled gratitude and joy,
 Sung genuine from the heart, shall steal) “ My

sons,

“ Revere the race of ALBION: when the sword

“ Of spoilers rose against us, from afar

“ They heard our mourning, and our sufferings
 mov'd

“ Their generous hearts. They saw, and they ad-
 mir'd

“ The spirit of our fathers, uneduc'd

“ By venal arts; unshaken, undismay'd

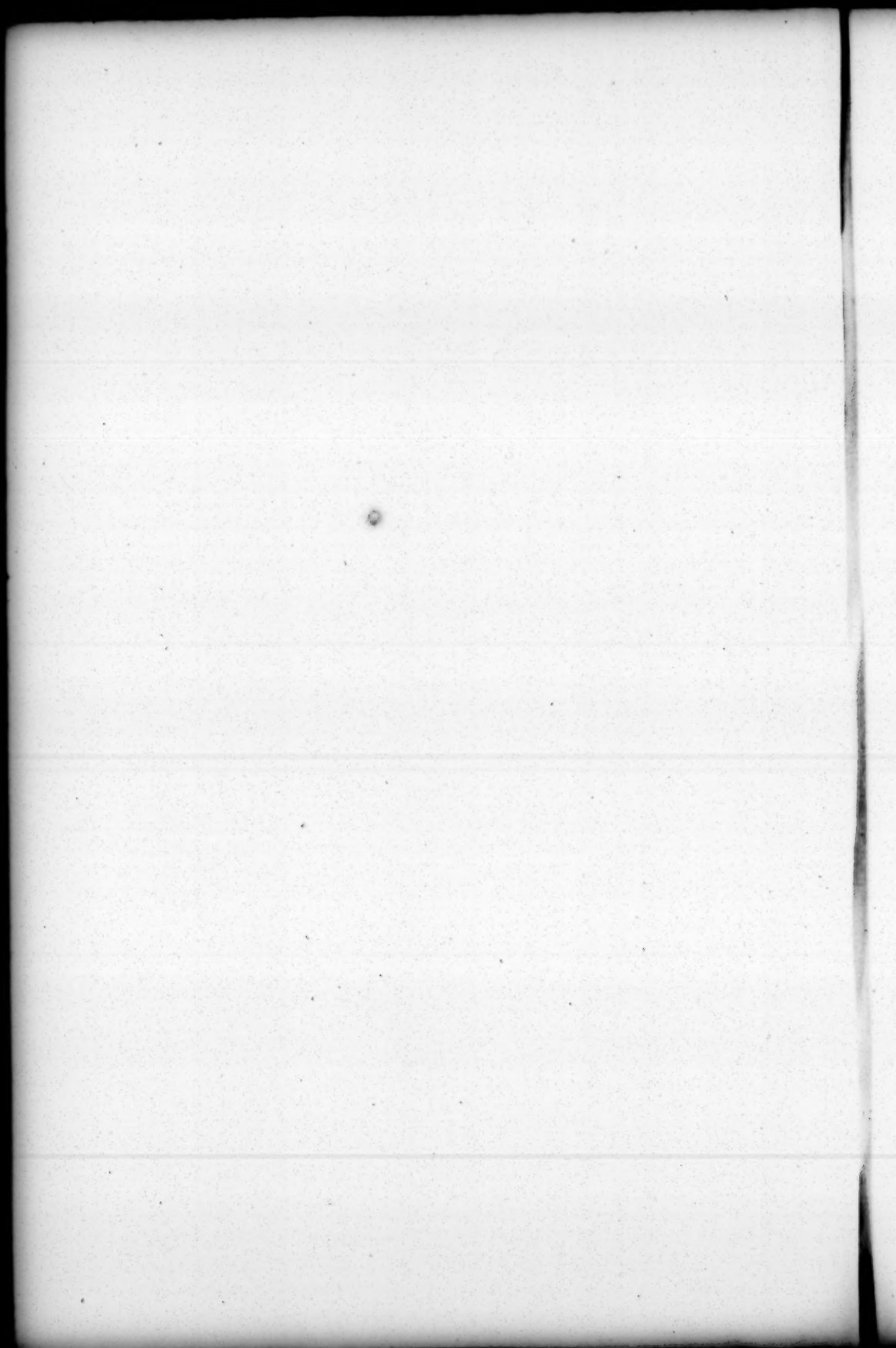
“ By rage tyrannical: they rose confess'd

“ Freedom’s avengers: trembling and abash’d
“ The GAUL beheld, and fled as from the wrath
“ Of angry heaven.”—O ALBION, wilt thou scorn
These proffered laurels yielding fairer fame
Than wealth and empire? Shall perfidious smiles
Of sloth entice thy virtue, and unnerve
Thy boasted strength? Forbid it, Heaven! the bold
Heroic BRITON, true to Freedom’s cause,
Her rights shall vindicate, avenge her wrongs,
And heap confusion on her faithless foes.

THE
PROGRESS
OF
MELANCHOLY.

A VISION.

G



THE
P R O G R E S S
O F
M E L A N C H O L Y.
A V I S I O N.

T O A F R I E N D.

STILL will thy bosom heave? Still will the
cloud

Cf sorrow lour on thy desponding brow?

O how it grieves me to behold thee grieve!

To see thee pensive seek the lone retreat

Of Solitude, the nurse of Woe, and yield

100 THE PROGRESS

Thy blooming youth a victim to Despair !
 Banish thy sorrows. With unbiaſſed mind
 Weigh thy condition and thy fears ; diſcern
 With reaſon and with candour, O diſcern
 Thy real from thy fancied woes. Beware
 Of a diſtemper'd fancy, for her rod
 Endowed with magic potency commands
 Unnumbered legions, o'erwhelms the ſoul
 With ſorrow and diſmay. Like thee erewhile
 Hapleſs I languiſhed, and my youth decay'd
 Blaſted by fell imaginary cares ;
 And ſorrow ſtill had laid my boſom waſte,
 Still had I languiſhed plaintive and forlorn,
 Incapable of action and of joy,
 But that my better genius rous'd my ſoul,
 From her conſuming lethargy. My friend !
 The mild companion of my early days,
 Thou of the candid and ingenuous breaſt,

Whoſe

OF MELANCHOLY 101

Whose praise inflamed me in the upward path
Of science and of truth, shall I not strive
To wean thee from thy sorrows, and diffuse
The balm of comfort on thy troubled soul ?

Soft was the season, for the genial airs
Of summer waved their odoriferous wings
On hill and dale, in valley and in grove
Umbrageous. Yet nor sunny hill, nor dale
Gaily enamel'd, nor irriguous vales,
Nor groves umbrageous could afford me joy.
Sorrowing and sad I sought the impervious gloom
Of forests, where the solitary rocks
Piled savage, frowned on my desponding soul.
And now HYPERION in the ATLANTIC main
With AMPHITRITE and the NEREID nymphs
Held converse; HESPER in the western sky
His lucid lamp suspended, thro' the vault
Of night diffusing radiance; till the moon



102 THE PROGRESS

Peer'd o'er the shaggy eastern hills, half-veil'd
 With clouds and vapours, in fantastic shapes
 Rolled round the horizon. On a mossy bank
 Reclined, beside a reverend elm, I mus'd
 Alone and mournful. From a neighbouring glade
 Her melting notes, with many a solemn pause
 And many a warbling, PHILOMEL renew'd.
 Fast by a limpid stream, meandering wild
 With murmurings suited to my soul, enticed
 My heart with pensive pleasure, and ere long
 Shedding from downy wings his opiate dews,
 Soft sleep descended on my weary eyes.

'Twas then a vision of high import rose
 Refulgent on my soul. Before me lay
 A valley guarded with impending rocks,
 With meads and streams, and shady groves adorn'd.
 Full many an intricate, and winding way,
 And many a thorny, many a flowery path,

Trod

OF MELANCHOLY. 103

Trod by continual passengers, appeared
In various perspective. Some rose aloft
To stately towers and palaces that crown'd
The summit of aspiring hills, and blaz'd
Effulgent to the sun. Others retir'd,
Sought the low valley, and the calm retreat
Of groves and deepening glades, by placid streams
Guiding their artless mazes. Others led
To flowery bowers and meadows, whence arose
The noise of merriment, and dance, and song.
Not more perplexed and intricate that fam'd
DAEDALIAN labyrinth, where the CRETAN king
And lawgiver, sage MINOS, held in dire
Captivity the ATHENIAN youth a prey
To the fell MINOTAUR, till THESEUS slew
The insatiate monster, and gave ATHENS peace.

104 THE PROGRESS

A while embarrassed I remained, in doubt
 Whither to bend my unexperienced step ;
 Till issuing from a woody dale obscure
 And solitary, lo a female form
 Drew my attention. Sable her attire,
 And flowing ; pensive was her air, and slow
 And graceful was her motion. Blooming health
 Her lovely hue embellished ; and her eye,
 Soft and serene, express'd a mind benign,
 And gentle, and engaging. Onward still
 She moved, and seem'd so lovely, and so mild,
 And languishing, my bosom glow'd with love ;
 And, as by soft contagion, I perceiv'd
 Congenial languishment possess my soul.
 Onward she came ; with reverential awe
 Lowly I bended. She, with aspect bland,
 Thrice o'er me waved a myrtle bough, and thrice
 Shook from the leaves drops of enchanting dew

Cold

OF MELANCHOLY. 105

Cold and pellucid. Sudden I perceiv'd
My bosom beat with marvellous desire
To follow her, unparagoned, and slow,
And gracefully retiring. To her dell
I followed: till behold, a winged Boy,
Lovely of feature, rosy, and array'd
In white apparel, with his tresses loose,
And playing with the sportive gale, appear'd
Smiling before me. Ever and anon
He shook his purple plumage, and a shower
Of flowers and fragrant blossoms on my path
Descended grateful. Then his harmless sports
Jovial he practis'd. "Youth, said he, is blithe,
" And ever lively, and that Power am I.
" Yield thee to me, and to the festive vales
" Of pleasure I will guide thee. Haste thee, leave
" Pale Melancholy; pale, tho' she appear
" Blooming to thee. Avoid her wayward path,
" And

106 THE PROGRESS

“ And her insidious converse; else despair
“ And pain shall be thy portion. Haste away,
“ And I will fill thee with delight.” “ Away!”

Sternly replied the penfive Power, “ nor tell
“ Of pleasures and delight! fruitless delight!
“ Pleasures that leave a sting.” The Boy abash’d
Withdrew reluctant, and his scattered flowers
Withered before me. Then with easy grace,
With dignity, and with a smile, the maid
Addressed me wavering: “ Think not to receive
“ Real enjoyment in the light pursuits,
“ And blandishment of pleasure. In her vales
“ And flowery arbours, and enchanting groves,
“ Vipers and serpents lye unseen to sting
“ The unwary traveller; and in the bowers
“ That garnish her deceitful mansion hang
“ Fruits swelled with poison; lovely they appear,
“ Yet they will fill thee with disease, and pain,

“ And

OF MELANCHOLY. 107

- “ And sorrow, and remorse. Nor idly climb
“ The ascent of vain Ambition ; tho’ her towers
“ Shine with illustrious glory, they contain
“ Demons and fiends to scourge thy soul, and oft
“ They hurl the hapless victim of their power
“ Down to the gulph of Infamy, to rue
“ In anguish and contrition, all the days
“ He wasted in pursuit of fame. With me
“ And Solitude retiring, thou shalt gain
“ Immunity from all the various ills
“ Attendant on the social state. No guile,
“ No slandering malice shall destroy thy peace :
“ But thou shalt taste unspeakable delight,
“ And independent, suited to the state
“ Of man, a wandering passenger below.”

More than her melting eloquence her air
So languishing and tender, and her grace,
And mildness of demeanor, and her eye

Swim-

108 THE PROGRESS

Swimming in tears, subdued me. O what high
Ineffable enjoyment seized my soul,
Soon as I entered that obscure recess,
Lonely and devious! Ravishment divine!
Like that of NUMA, when by TYBER'S stream,
Secluded from the public view, he rang'd
The woodlands with EGERIA, and his mind
Stored with immortal wisdom. Cliffs abrupt
And shelving rocks incumbent o'er the glade,
On either side rose awful; and below
Deep woods extended their dark umbrage, far
Into the valley. Pines, and mournful yews,
And weeping willows, poplars to the breeze
Waving their foliage, and the cypress, grew
Spontaneous in that lone retreat. The streams
And fountains issuing from the caverned rocks,
Flowed in meanders murmuring thro' the vale.
At intervals the widowed dove bewail'd

Her

OF MELANCHOLY. 109

Her mate untimely slain. And, tuneful, oft
Amid the twilight of the grove was heard
The tale of TEREUS, and the unequalled wrongs
Of PHILOMELA. How the solemn gloom
My soul o'ershadowed! as by gliding streams,
By darksome grottos, underneath the brow
Of ivy'd cliffs, thro' many a winding path,
Many a low valley and forsaken lawn
I strayed with my conductor: she the while
Ravished my heart, reciting various tales
Of human suffering, and with plenteous tears
Mourning the fate of Virtue, oft compell'd
To bend beneath oppression, and endure
Penury, scorn, and insolent rebuke.
O how her eloquence with rapture fill'd
My bosom, as her tuneful tongue deplor'd
The fleeting nature of terrestrial bliss.
Often she paused, and sighing sore, resum'd

Her

110 THE PROGRESS

Her lamentable strain, repeating oft,

“ Ah me! how vain the promises of joy!

“ How vain the visions of deceitful hope!

“ Fair smiles the valley in the eye of morn,

“ With dewy blossoms, and with vernal airs,

“ But soon the unexpected tempest lours,

“ And blasts the beauties of the transient scene.”

Onward we journeyed, and behold the vale
With deeper horror frowned; the savage rocks
More savage seemed; the mazy streams, erewhile
So pleasing, flowed more slowly, and were stain'd
With a funeral dye, and murmured hoarse
And horrible. Even my conductor seem'd
Less lovely and engaging, for her hue,
Erewhile so rosy, left her; in its stead
Paleness suffused her features; and her eye
Grew heavy, unenlivened with those mild
And sweet expressions that enticed my heart.

Oft

OF MELANCHOLY. 111

Oft from the adjacent groves wailings were heard
And lamentations. Imprecations dire,
At times, appalled me. Orphans reft of hope
Wailed with the widow, and with plenteous tears
Bedewed the urns and afhes of the dead.
From many a glade iffued the woeful plaint
Of lovers, racked with unabating pangs,
Pierced with the ingratitude and bitter fcorn
Of thofe they worfhipped. Many a voice bewail'd
The changes of affection, and the fmile
Of counterfeited friendship. Others griev'd,
Galled with the fhafts of flander, and the wounds
Inflicted by the fecret hand of guile
Prompted by malice. Bards, who had aspir'd
To gain the applaufes of APOLLO, mourn'd
Their fruitless labour, and their laurels torn
By envy, by unmerited neglect
And censure blighted. Many a voice deplor'd

The

112 THE PROGRESS

The fall of public virtue, the decay
Of freedom and fair honour, and that craft
And foul ambition gathered the reward
Due to the Patriot. Frequent I beheld,
Graved on the adjacent rocks, inscriptions, urns;
Devices of sad import, and the tales
Of those that travelled thro' the dale grown wild;
Gloomy, and rugged, rest of every joy.

My soul was smitten ; when a human form,
Meagre, and gaunt, and squalid, from a cave
Fast by, accosted me. Of middle age
He seemed, and proffered me a cup. I knew
The beverage baneful, yet with reckless mind,
By cruel forceries compelled, I quaff'd,
Too plenteously I quaff'd the invenomed draught,
Brewed by Solitude of bitter drugs,
And fell infernal mixtures. He, the brood
Of Melancholy, in that dreary cave

B. gotten,

OF MELANCHOLY. 113

Begotten, fatherless, with rites abhorr'd,
And muttered incantations, ay contrives
The ruin of the unhappy travellers, lur'd
To tread the mazes of that dire retreat.
Bending on me his haggard eye, with frowns
And sharp rebuke reproving me, " Behold
" What you have forfeited," he cried, " and lo!"
Then with a rod instinct with magic power,
He smote the adamantine rocks; and lo,
Parting, they shew'd me on the other side,
A lovely landscape, an extensive plain
Watered with lucid streams, adorned with woods
And lawns and meadows. A delicious gale
Breathed odours, gathered from the fruits and
flowers
Of that ARCADIAN scene. And soon appeared
Shepherds and nymphs, to minstrelsy of pipes
Dancing in antic measures. How I long'd

114 THE PROGRESS

To share their merriment ; alas, in vain !
 The fell magician smote the rocks ; they clos'd,
 And barred my passage. As an exile, left
 Alone on some deserted shore, exposed
 To famine and the rage of savage beasts,
 Viewing afar the lessening sails of those
 That left him, smites his bosom, and deplores
 His direful destiny ; so in that wild
 And weary wilderness forlorn I wept.
 Darkness descended terrible, and lo,
 A threatening shape, armed with a cruel scourge,
 Accompanied with many a demon dire,
 Pursued me. It was FEAR, of Fancy born
 To fell Solitude. For Fancy oft
 Leaves her ELYSIAN mansions, and her smiles
 And gay attire, and in the dreary waste,
 Pensive arrayed in a funeral pall,
 With Melancholy muses. Her the fiend,

OF MELANCHOLY. 115

Amid the gloom of a TARTARIAN grove,
Ravished with brutal violence, and impregn'd
With Fear and those mishapen spectres ay
Prompting his rage, and to his dire behests
Obsequious. Me he menaced and assail'd:
I ran and wept; he followed, and with yells
Appalled me. O what miseries I endur'd
In rugged paths forlorn; athwart the gloom
Demons and ghastly visages uncouth
Glared horrible. Thick voices indistinct,
Behind me, terrified my fainting soul;
And oft, swift shooting thro' the deepening shades,
The livid lightening gleamed and often scath'd
And cleft the groaning forest. Still I urg'd
My miserable flight, till I attain'd
An awful precipice abrupt. O there
By furious fiends thro' various paths pursu'd
What wretches were assembled! Loud lament,

116 THE PROGRESS

And wailing and fierce frantic screams arose
 Horrid around me, and beside me, lo,
 Pale MELANCHOLY. "Down ye plaintive crew."
 Imperious with a hollow voice she cry'd:
 "Down to the regions of Despair." They yell'd
 And headlong plunged into the dark abyfs.

What horror seized me trembling on the verge
 Of that tremendous precipice!—a while
 Irresolute I stood: Fear urged behind
 With his infernal furies; and the fiend
 Solitude, and Melancholy, now
 A loathsome hag. O Heaven! I cry'd. A flood
 Around me blazed of unexpected day.
 The spectres vanished. From an opening cloud
 A radiant form, as of a seraph, girt
 With robes effulgent, down the bending sky
 Came gliding. Soon my bosom recogniz'd
 The majesty of WISDOM, tempered sweet

OF MELANCHOLY 117

With condescending mildness. With a voice
Full of subduing melody, benign
And awful, he addressed me. "Haste thee hence.

- " Leave the retreats of Solitude : forego
- " The fellowship and wizard-arts of her
- " That late enticed thee, and betrayed thy soul
- " To Sorrow, urging thee to wild Despair.
- " Know, to Despair, magician dire, is given
- " Leave, for a time, to send his engines vile,
- " His crafty emissaries, to assail
- " Mankind by violence, or by guile to prove
- " Their manhood, and reliance in the Power
- " That rules the universe. Leave the abyss
- " Of sorrow, and unfathomable woe.
- " Seek the pursuits of social life : engage
- " In action : nor with overweening care
- " Anxious anticipate events. To Heaven
- " Leave every issue. Act as it becomes

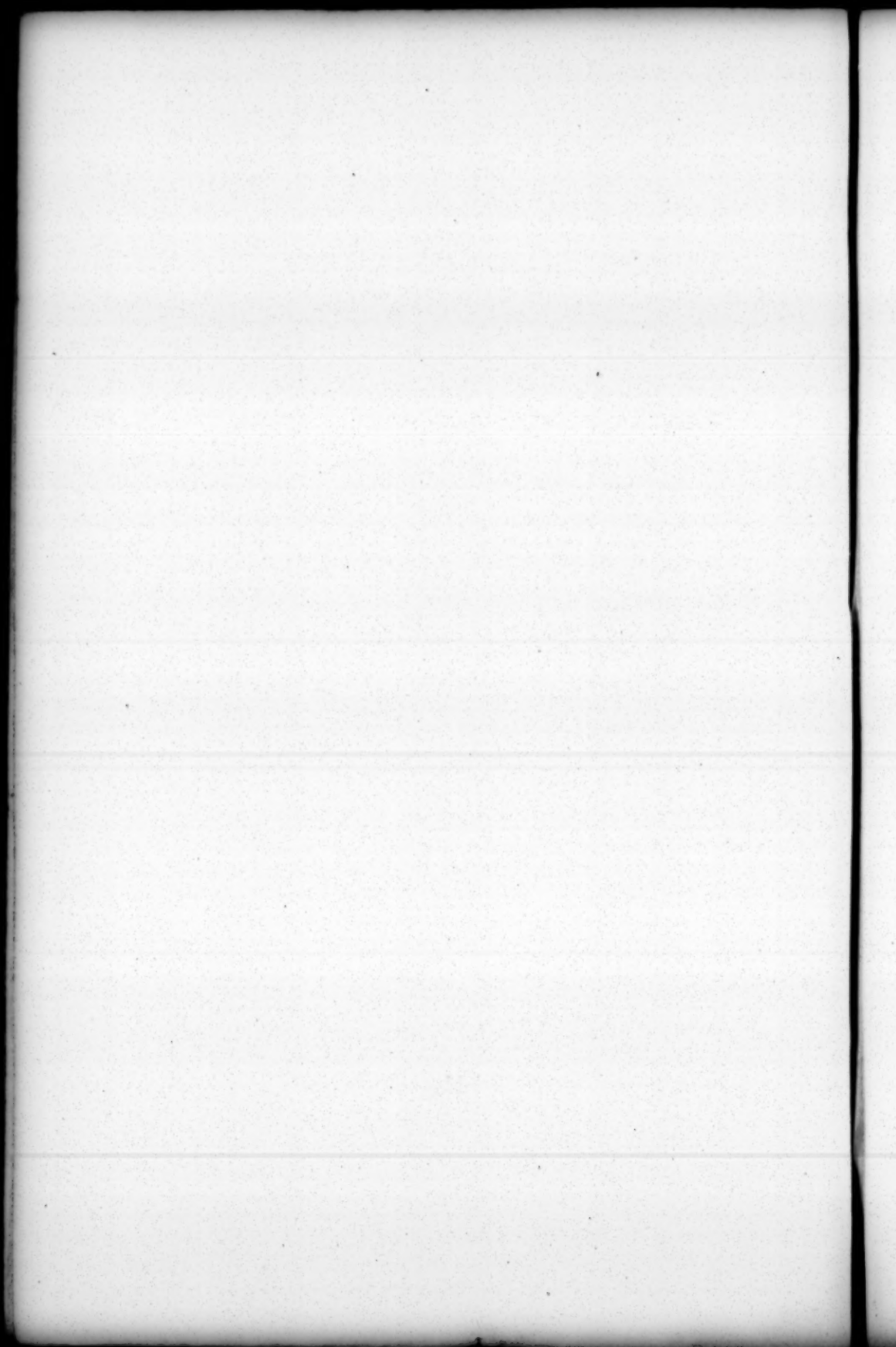
118 THE PROGRESS

“ A reasonable, active being, form’d
“ By a beneficent, omniscient Power
“ Supreme in the creation. To conduct
“ Thy steps from this inhospitable wild,
“ To guide thee to the vale of Peace, to shed
“ Flowers on thy passage, and to lift thy soul
“ With glad presages, smiling in the prime
“ Of lovely youth, HOPE on celestial wings
“ Salutes thee. Be of comfort.”—I awoke.
The vision vanished. In the eastern sky,
Arrayed with radiance, in his golden car,
PHOEBUS appeared. Rayless and pale, the moon
Sunk waning in the west. The hovering mists
Involved the mountains in their fleecy skirts.
The tuneful nightingale her mournful tale
Ceased: in her stead the merry lark arose,
And hailed the morning. Underneath, the vale
So lovely with her cultivated fields,

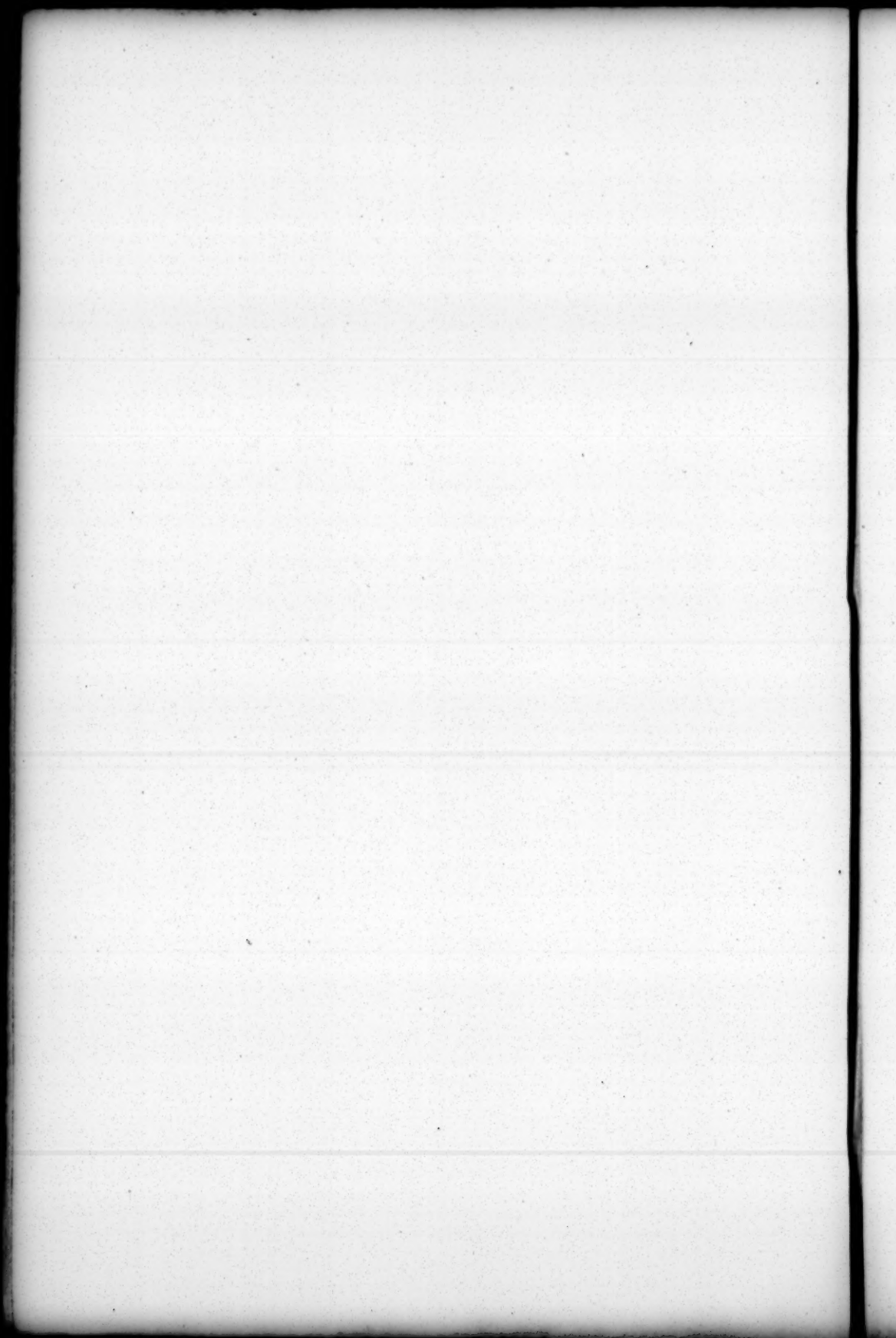
Her

OF MELANCHOLY. 119

Her azure rivers, and her vocal groves,
Her humble cottages, her lowing herds,
Her shepherds piping, while their chearful flocks
The dewy upland browzed, my soul inspir'd
With peace, and gratitude, and soft delight.



R U R A L
T A L E S.



RURAL TALES.

R O W E N A.

WH Y, lovely daughter of the vale, descend
Thy tears fast-trickling? To the desert-
gale

Flow thy dishevelled tresses? On thy cheek

Fades the young rose with pining grief. Dispel

Thy rising fears, nor wildly-gazing turn

Incessant to the vacant shapeless air

Thine eye disordered. "See that pallid form!"

Answered the maid, "beckoning on me with
frowns

"And fierce demeanor! see that bosom gor'd

"With welling wounds!—On me, ill-fated youth,

"Bend not severe thy stern accusing eye;

"For I am guiltless of thy blood. This breast

"Was

124 RURAL TALES.

- “ Was ever faithful to my plighted vow :
“ Witness the sighing of my broken heart !
“ Witness the wailing of my sleepless nights !
“ Witness my days of anguish ! and my tears
“ Shed hourly on thy grave.—Fair as yon ash
“ Waving its foliage to the mountain’s breeze
“ Was EDWIN, gentle as the gale of spring ;
“ But if enraged, wild as the roaring deep
“ Chafed by the tempest. Me the luckless youth
“ Preferred, and pleasing to mine artless ear
“ Breathed the soft language of his soul. My faith
“ Was early plighted, and my constant heart
“ Preserved the impression of his peerless form
“ Indelible. But in ill-omened hour
“ Came EDRED ; skilled in guileful arts, he smil’d
“ On every maid, and whispered studied tales
“ To the believing virgins. Me he strove
“ Infidious to seduce, but strove in vain.

“ Yet

RURAL TALES. 125

- “ Yet not unpleasing to mine ear his speech
“ Devised with cunning, and with courtly phrase
“ Embellished. Oft my blushes mixt with smiles
“ Betrayed my flattered vanity, and fed
“ His lawless hope. EDWIN perceived! his soul
“ Stung with resentment, and with jealous rage
“ Impassioned, flamed a fierce devouring fire.
“ He challenged EDRED to the field: they fought
“ Beside yon brawling rivulet, and their gore
“ Defiled the lucid stream. By mutual wounds
“ Both fell, and dying 'gainst ROWENA pour'd
“ Dire imprecations. Sure the holy saints
“ Their curses ratified; for since that day
“ No ray of peace hath visited my soul.
“ By horror haunted, restless and dismay'd,
“ Hourly I tremble, hourly I decay.
“ Sorrow consumes me! Soon this weary heart
“ Shall cease from sighs and anguish in the dust.”

THE

T H E
F A T E O F A V A R I C E.

BESIDE that glade behold a shapeless mound
O'ergrown and shagged with noisome weeds
and shrubs

Of poisonous quality. A fir-tree scath'd
By the blue lightening spreads her withered arm
Across. Our herds and bleating flocks afar
View it askance. For know, no living thing
Its tangling brakes approacheth, save the bat
Flitting nocturnal, or the ill-omened owl,
Or noxious reptiles; save at midnight hour
That yells and howlings issuing forth appall
The wandering shepherd, while athwart the shade
Fierce fiery visages with gesture strange
Gleam terrible. An impious corse interred

Beneath

Beneath the unhallowed heap, vitiates the growth
 Of flowers and tender herbs, tainting the dews
 And fostering juices, or with noxious steams
 Infecting the sweet air. The sordid wretch
 In hoarded wealth abounding ne'er unbarr'd
 His portal to the stranger, ne'er attir'd
 The naked, nor the hungry orphan fed :
 The needy never shared of his abundance ;
 Nor blest his ripening harvests. Holy Heaven
 Regarded him with pity, and with-held
 Due punishment till his relentless arm
 Opprest the weeping widow, and condemn'd
 Her age to misery and pinching want.
 Then the red arm of vengeance lanced the bolt
 Unerring. His unrighteous wealth, amass'd
 By rapine, perished : his devoted barns
 Flamed with avenging fire : infuriate fiends
 Possess'd his bosom : maddening he forsook

The

128 RURAL TALES.

The abodes of men, and to the midnight shades
Howled dolorous. At length where yonder heap
Ariſeth, his blaspheming ſpirit burſt
Her tenement, and left an odious carcaſe.

THE NAIAD.

YOU aſk the cauſe, LAVINIA, why the nymph
Of this meandering ſtream, the ſouthern vale
Neglecting, heedleſs of the enamelled lawns
And meadows, northward through the lurid heath
Pursues her ſolitary way? Then liſt
A tale full oft by ſhepherd ſwains rehearſ'd
On days of feſtival. In antient times,
ALTANABRECK this lovely NAIAD woo'd
In THETIS bower, a ſea-nymph ſweet of voice

And

And musical of utterance. Feats atchiev'd
 By heroes, and exploits of bold emprise
 The NEREID sung melodious; and for this
 The Goddeſs of the coral grove beſtow'd
 A ſilver urn, by VULCAN's cunning ſkill
 Engraved with myſtic figures, and with ſtreams
 Amply replenish'd. Due obeiſance paid,
 The nymph departed and commenced her ſway.
 Pleas'd with the verdure of our ſouthern vale,
 " Here," ſaid the virgin, " ſhall my limpid ſtream
 " Flow garrulous through groves and echoing
 glades ;
 " Anon through verdant meadows, to the flowers
 " Imparting moiſture, to the ſhepherd ſwains
 " Warbling wild melody."—The nymph was fair
 And blooming : and her artleſs beauty won
 The heart of PHOEBUS. " Yield thee, gentle
 nymph,

130 RURAL TALES.

“ Nor scorn the love of PHOEBUS,” (thus the God
His prayer addrest) and on thy margin green

“ With genial influence shall my beams descend

“ Fruitful of flowers and herbage. Thee the swains

“ Shall celebrate, the sweetly-dittied song

“ Myself inspiring.” But in vain the God

His amorous suit preferred ; disdainful speech

And scorn his sole requital. Then in wrath,

“ Depart,” he cried, “ perverse and prideful
nymph!

“ Nor shall thy pride avail thee : northward bend

“ Thy fullen course, nor meet my fervid ray

“ Unless to prove my vengeance, and deplore

“ Thy tiny urn exhausted. More to quell

“ Thy froward spirit, be thy name uncouth

“ And stubborn like thy nature, all unmeet

“ To flow melodious in poetic rhyme.”

The NAIAD heard indignant, nor replied ;

Nor

RURAL TALES. 131

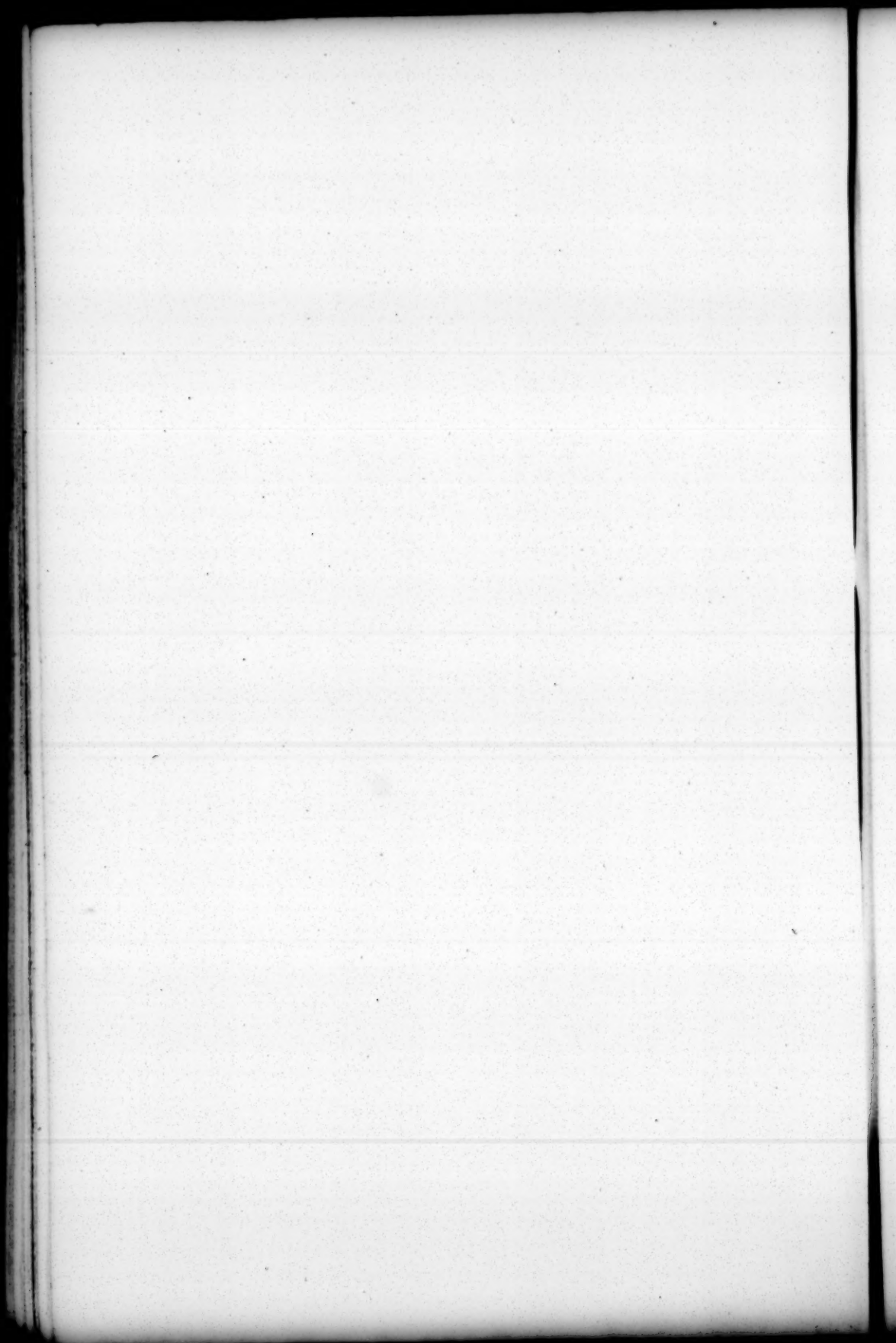
Nor of her choice repenting, northward turn'd
Her tuneful current. Pensive on her urn
Reclining her the Goddess of the bow,
DIAN accompanied with quivered nymphs
Hailed, and with gentle greeting thus consol'd:
“ Hail, honoured virgin! by thy trial prov'd
“ Deserving. When thy watry charge allows,
“ Or due attendance in the coral bower
“ Of silver-slippered THETIS, 'mid the rocks,
“ And woody dales, and upland lawns, with me
“ Pursue the rapid deer. Dreary the waste
“ Lav'd by thy lucid stream: nor yet repine:
“ On thy green margin shall my DRYAD nymphs
“ Raise bloomy shrubs, impregnating the gale
“ With fragrance, and with interwoven boughs
“ Veiling thy current from intrusive beams.
“ Unmusical thy name—such the decree
“ Of stern APOLLO—yet thy winding streams

132 R U R A L T A L E S .

- “ Flow musical !—how sweet their warmbling din
“ Heard by the shepherd hastening from the hill
“ At noontide to allay his thirst! For this,
“ On festal days assembling, grateful swains,
“ Breathing the wildly-dittied song, shall hymn
“ Thy name with P A L E S and protecting P A N .”

E L E G Y
ON THE
DEATH OF A LADY.

WRITTEN AT
ST. PETERSBURGH,
M.DCC.LXXI



E L E G Y
ON THE
DEATH OF A LADY.

Quis desiderio fit pudor, aut modus
Tam cari capitis?

Cui Pudor et Justitiae soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas
Quando ullam inveniet parem! HOR.

TIS the delusion of some hideous dream!
Some horrid fantasy that haunts my soul
With images of woe.—O that it were
A transient fantasy! too well my heart
Feels her misfortune, feels the dreadful truth
That LUCIA moulders in an early grave.
O ye that honour virtue, that esteem
Nobility of soul, the generous heart,

136 ELEGIAC VERSES.

The bosom moved by pity to assuage
The pangs of sorrow, and dispel the fears
Of want and pale despondency, lament!
She who was ever gentle and benign,
The friend of sorrow, moulders in the dust.

O ye that tread the Muses flowery path,
Here scatter garlands, scatter roses here :
This meed she merits, for she loved the Muse,
And could distinguish with discerning taste,
The various beauties of immortal song.
Lament ye Muses, mourn ye generous arts,
Ye that ennoble and refine the soul,
Your candid friend, your patroness, lament!

O ye untainted by contagious vice,
Ye who have feelings to discern the grace
Of true religion, your congenial souls,
Melting in tender sympathy, will grieve,
Grieve for yourselves, and that a downward age,

To

ELEGIAC VERSES. 137

To folly and malignant error prone,
Hath lost a pattern of surpassing worth.
Unblemished innocence! ingenuous truth!
Religion pure, and rational, and mild!
Engaging manners! charity! and all
The affections that embellish and exalt
The human heart, ah! whither will ye fly
For refuge from a persecuting world!
For LUCIA sleeps untimely in the dust.

O ye supreme in sorrow, who deplore
A wife! a parent! O forgive the Muse
Who thus intrudes on your becoming woe,
Mingling with yours her genuine tear, the tear
That flows from gratitude, the tribute due
To peerless merit. Could the Muse impart
A ray of consolation! — fruitless wish!
Lo, other comforters! the cherub-choir
That calm'd her parting moments, Patience crown'd

With

138 ELEGIAC VERSES.

With an immortal garland, smiling Hope,
And meek-eyed Resignation, heavenly forms,
That soothed her struggling soul, and bade her fear
No danger in the dark and trying hour
Of dissolution. See! on you they bend
Their gracious aspect : and with them behold
The disembodied spirit, now a pure
Angelic nature. O to these resign
The empire of your souls, for they have power,
Not to remove, but to alleviate woe,
To soften and improve the tender pang,
And so restore you to the path of peace.

MISCELLANEOUS
V E R S E S.

MISCELLANEOUS
V E R S E S.

A
P R O L O G U E
ON THE
OPENING OF AN ENGLISH THEATRE
AT ST. PETERSBURGH.

WITHOUT the aid of ornament or art,
To speak the language of a grateful heart,
I come respectful. Little known to fame,
Through stormy seas to distant shores we came;
And to us BRITONS, in a foreign land,
BRITONS held forth the kind protecting hand.
Friendless we came; but every BRITISH heart
In all our interests took a friendly part;

Ye

142 MISCELLANEOUS

Ye cheared our hopes, dispelled our anxious fear,
And made our welfare your peculiar care.
Fair fame attend you! O may due success
Reward your merit, and your labours bless!
Kind as ye are, and generous, may ye still
Enjoy the power, as ye possess the will!
Peace be your portion! from your dwellings far
Be banished Sorrow and corroding Care!

The rulers of this land beheld with joy
How BRITISH hearts on BRITISH hearts rely,
How ALBION'S sons, incapable of change,
Through no variety of friendships range,
Kind without interest, with affection true,
Generous and constant where their faith is due.

The rulers of this land whose hosts defy'd
The rage of infidels, and quelled their pride,
Made KAHUL'S streams with slaughtered foes run red,
Heaped BENDER'S walls with thousands of the dead,

Undaunted

Undaunted in the gallant strife of arms,
 Even to BYZANTIUM carried dire alarms,
 Tinged the AEGAEN wave with OTTOMAN gore,
 And shook with terror ASIA's distant shore ;
 They saw your goodness, felt it, and were mov'd
 To emulate the worth their souls approv'd ;
 This generous sympathy their favour drew ;
 Us they applauded, but they honoured you.

With goodness in extreme, even from the throne
 The radiance of the imperial bounty shone,
 Beamed glory round us, raised us from the ground,
 And bade us bloom, and bade our fruits abound.
 Far through the nations may that radiance shine
 Supremely bright, beneficent, benign,
 To foster Merit, from the haunts of men
 To banish Discord and her ghastly train ;
 Envy shall pine and sicken at the sight,
 And TURKISH crescents mingle with the night.

ON THE
DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

AH shepherds! what a lamentable change!
Behold that cheek, where youth and beauty
bloom'd,

Lifeless and pale! Extinguished now the beam
That shone erewhile in her expressive eye,
An image of her soul, serene, and soft,
And lovely, and subduing! ah! no more
Warbles the music of her tuneful voice.
Silent she lies, regardless of our woe!
Wake, lovely maid!—But she can ne'er awake!
For who can burst the fetters of the grave?

O she was lovely and beloved: her smile
Gave rapture to the soul. When she adorn'd
The festive dance, no other pastime stay'd

The

The nymphs and shepherds : from the hills they
came,

Beheld her and admir'd. So, and 'tis sung
On days of festival by rural bards,
When kind enlivening suns with genial warmth
Impregnating the glebe, call forth the Rose,
Through groves and glades the joyful tidings run,
And in full haste the SILVANS and the FAUNS,
Assembling round from dells and dripping caves,
Bless the fair plant, and hail her Queen of Flowers.

OREADS and DRYADS, every silvan power
Worshipped in grove and valley, whither stray'd
Your wandering footsteps at this awful hour?
Could not your heavenly charms, your tuneful voice,
Have soothed the rage of rueful fate, and stay'd
The lethal blow? Ah me! if heavenly charms,
If softest melody could soothe the rage
Of rueful fate, our PHOEBE had not died.

146 MISCELLANEOUS

Ah what avails it that subduing grace
 Fashioned her lovely form? Of what avail
 That she was gentle? Can the ingenuous breast,
 The soul of truth unblemished and serene,
 The blush of modesty, the tender-heart,
 Can they repel the ruthless arm of death?
 Flow, flow, ye tears! inhuman death regards
 Nor youth, nor beauty. Like a treacherous frost
 That spreads at even his cold hand on a bank
 Of fragrant flowers, and soon the vivid tints
 Languish, and fade, and mingle with the dust,
 Death stole upon her, and by slow degrees
 Wasted her opening prime, and long delay'd,
 As if in pity, long delayed the blow;
 At length he smote—and plunged us in despair.

V E R S E S. 147

ON THE
D E A T H
OF THE
EARL AND COUNTESS
OF
S U T H E R L A N D.

WRITTEN, M.DCC.LXVI.

TWO trees, the glory of the forest, grew
Beauteous with interwoven boughs. The morn
Rose smiling, clad in vermil blooms : her dews
Spangled their waving foliage, and her gales
Around them breathed perfume. The sylvan swains
Beheld them and admired ; and to the hills
And vales, in sweetly-dittied song, proclaim'd

K 2

Their

148 MISCELLANEOUS

Their praise unbidden : while the gentle nymphs
 Gathering the blossoms of returning spring,
 And hung their chaplets on the leafy boughs.
 But ere HYPERION on his noon-tide throne
 Exalted in the midst of heaven, display'd
 Meridian majesty, a tempest rose,
 A sore distressing tempest, and o'erwhelm'd
 The goodly pair.—Witness, ye doleful groves,
 Ye rocks, ye murmuring streamlets, how the vale
 Was filled with sorrow. Then the woodland nymphs
 Tore their fair tresses, beat their snowy breasts,
 And wept and mourned. No more the shepherd-boy
 Tended his milk-white younglings, and his pipe
 Poured the sad wailing of heart-rending grief.—
 Forgive, bright shades! the mournful swain who
 brings
 This tribute to your tomb. Who would not grieve
 When Merit in the blooming prime of life,

Adorned

Adorned with high nobility, is swept
 Into the clay-cold grave! O chief for thee,
 Fair Lady! pattern of connubial love,
 The muse laments. For thee the Virtues weave
 A wreath immortal; and thy peerless praise
 Shall be preserved by CALEDONIA'S dames.

VERSES TO A LADY,
1
 WITH THE
 GENTLE SHEPHERD.

FAIR LADY! this affecting lay peruse,
 The genuine offspring of the DORIC Muse:
 The Muse erewhile on CALEDONIA'S plains
 That charmed the forests with mellifluent strains.
 Copious and clear where LEVEN glides along,
 Where TWEDA listens to the shepherds song,
 Where SPEY impetuous pours his rapid tide,
 Or in the valley of commercial CLYDE,
 By winding FORTH, or by the silver TAY,
 Warbling she welcomed the return of MAY.
 Cold now the hands, extinct the heavenly fire
 That waked to ecstacy the living lyre;

No more the energy of song pervades
Our silent valleys, and forsaken glades ;
No more the green hill and the deepening grove
Resound the longing, languid voice of love :
For HAMILTON the Loves and Graces mourn ;
And tuneful Muses weep at RAMSAY'S urn.

T H E
N O B L E H E R M I T.

A F R A G M E N T.

The author designed a dramatic poem on the subject of Mr. CARTWRIGHT'S *ARMINE* and *ELVIRA*, but want of leisure prevented his executing any more of it than the following introductory scene.

HAIL, lovely Morn! hail, thou reviving beam
 That gilds the orient, chasing to the west
 The damps and shadows in the rear of night!
 Hail, blooming fields! ye vernal groves, array'd
 With beauty, where a thousand feathered songsters
 Mingle their melodies, I greet you well.
 Ye murmuring brooks, ye rivulets, and ye rocks
 Incumbent o'er this solitary vale,

My

My grateful salutation ye deserve;
For ye have granted me benign composure,
Sweet peace of mind, and freedom from the goad
Of tyrannizing passion. Precious gifts!
To him that estimates their worth aright,
More valuable far than wealth or grandeur.
In vain amid the din and pomp of war,
'Mid clanging armour, burnished helms and spears,
And prancing steeds caparisoned, and all
The dread array of marshalled hosts, in vain
I sought to find them. Calm Contentment flies
To shades and solitude. I ne'er beheld
Her placid eye amid the glare of courts.
The lofty palace, the stupendous dome,
The fretted roof, the sculptured pillar hewn
With rare device of masonry, the hall
With minstrelsy resounding, and the feast,
What are they? The resort of Quiet? No!

Of

154 MISCELLANEOUS

Of Envy rather, and of bitter Rancour.
 Calm Quiet have I found thee!—Yet one care
 Alarms my bosom like a fullen cloud
 Flying athwart the vernal sky. My ARMINE,
 The prop of my declining age, the solace
 And treasure of my soul, brooks not a life
 Of lone retirement and inglorious ease.
 Eager he pants for arms, and to distinguish
 His name by feats of hardihood. He errs.
 For glory is not aye the meed of valour,
 But oft the recompence of glozing cowards,
 While injured Merit eats the bread of care.
 But I must medicine this his fond conceit,
 And that right skilfully; for if he knew
 The fame of his high ancestry, derived
 From ODIN, and the purple tide that flows
 Impetuous in his veins, transmitted pure
 Through a long line of heroes, and that I,

Beneath

Beneath the banner of the holy Cross,
 Fought not inglorious, when bold GODFREY led
 The flower of EUROPE to JERUSALEM,
 Not all the wisdom of the cloistered sage,
 Nor all the reverence that he bears his father,
 Cold rein his fiery soul. * * *

T H E E N D.



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